THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1720

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

JAN. 7, 1933

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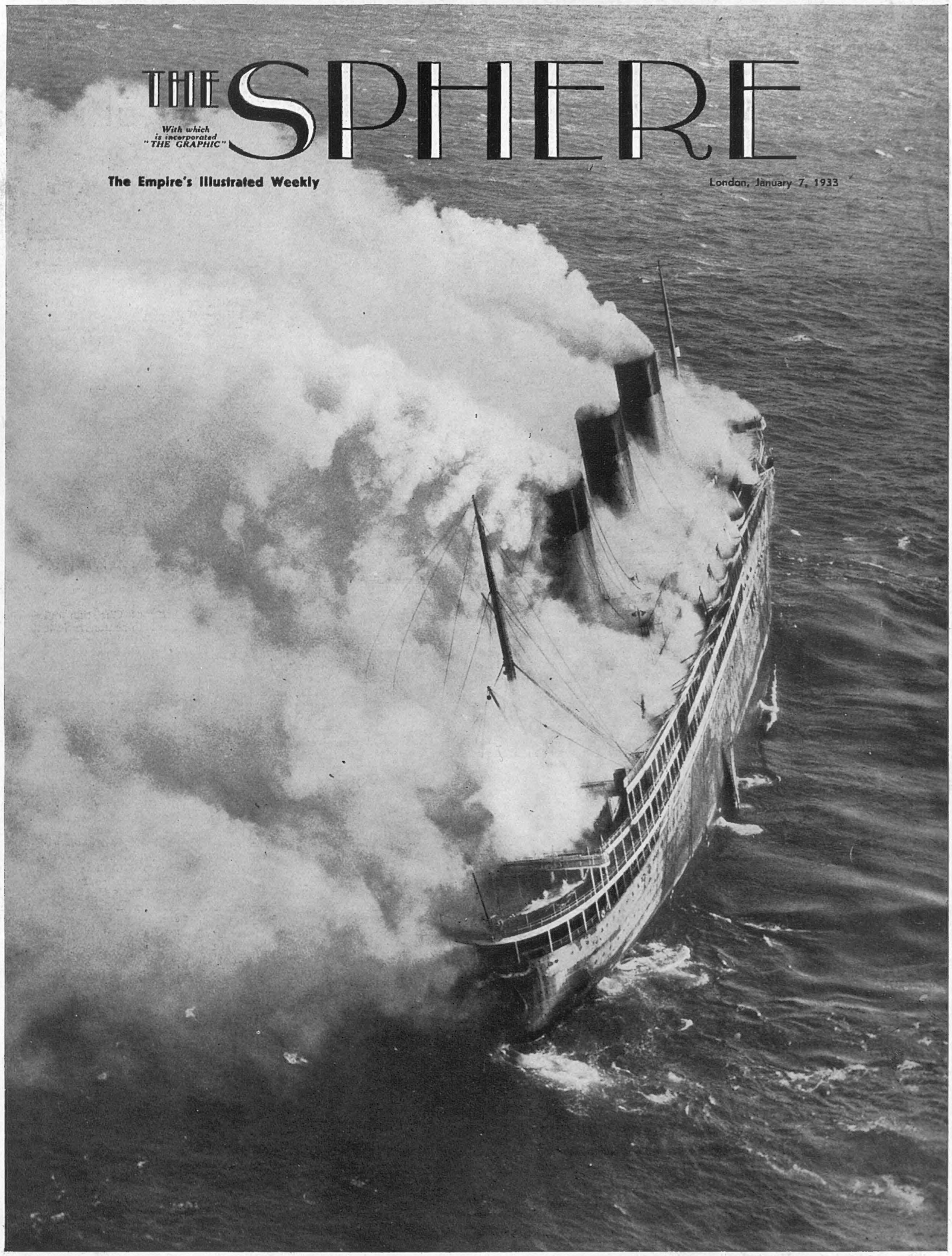
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 7, 1933



TRAGEDY ON THE HIGH SEAS

The French Liner "Atlantique" Ablaze in the Channel

A great tragedy of marine history was enacted on Wednesday when the 42,512-ton liner *Atlantique*, only recently built, caught fire as she was making her way to Havre for overhaul. As we went to press she was ablaze some twenty-five miles from Guernsey. Providentially she had no passengers aboard and her crew of 170 had been rescued by the British steamer *Ford Castle*, the German steamer *Ruhr*, and other vessels. One of the ship's boats is seen above with its bow resting on the water, its stern poised against the hull—proof of the over rapidity with which some boats were got away. The British destroyer *Westcott* was ordered from Portsmouth to her assistance. The ship, which cost £3,200,000 at par, was employed on the South American trade, and the London market is reputed to have lost £2,000,000 in insurance. This picture was taken by the only Press aeroplane to locate the steamer, and, taken on Wednesday, was running on machines on Wednesday night

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

CHILDHOOD'S ENCHANTED HOUR: The thronged queue of children awaiting the magic moment when the early doors open to let them in to the realm of faery. The picture shows the dense crowd outside the Lyceum

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, January 4, 1933.

DOWN TO IT AGAIN.—

And now we get down to it again, after slipping in with the parcel of farewell curses to 1932 one kiss in gratitude for its weather and sunshine and mildness. A happy New Year to all readers. Christmas and 1932 are over and winter is before us. *Pereunt et imputantur.* The oysters are eaten and it is time to pay the bill. The duns are already in the hall. Income-tax, Christmas bills, quarters of rent, club subscriptions, hospital subscriptions, house, furniture, jewellery, motor insurance, car licence (don't forget that insurance certificate with your cheque and the appropriate form). The rest are massing for the attack. The electric light, telephone, gas and water sprites dance before our eyes, and bad fairy influenza, wearing her earlier or less malignant smile, is already on the stage marshalling the host of imps. We resolve to gargle with a compound of Thymol night and morning, to avoid over-eating and under-feeding, over-dressing and under-dressing, to keep our feet dry and our hearts high. And then, squaring our elbows, we pull out our cheque book and sign those bold signatures which, please God, will be honoured.

THE INEVITABLE BOOM.

—The student of social history can put his shirt on one certainty: that, however unfavourable the auguries, there will be a New Year's wave of optimism in industry and the City. It may last a fortnight, it may survive till the Budget forecast is authoritative. Long- or short-lived, it never fails. For it is an immutable ingredient in the human character. That wave is now rolling in. The iron, steel, and coal magnates have made their usual New Year forecasts optimistically. The engineers, and shipbuilders even, point to light in the sky. The motor manufacturers anticipate further successes, the electricians, builders, textile manufacturers, and storekeepers believe that the worst is passed. The January sales have opened with fireworks. This optimism the City reflects. Home railway counters in the last few days have moved up substantially, some of the preference stocks by as much as seven points; and with some justification, since the Christmas week traffics show an increase of as much as 10 per cent. for main line systems. More important still, the coal-carrying lines reveal a still higher percentage increase in coal and merchandise freights. South Africa starts the New Year definitely off the gold standard; and once the position is made clear and the dangers of exchange fluctuation averted, a South African revival is probable, and South African producers will breathe again.

A LITERARY MODEL.—

The King's broadcast speech is, as news, ancient history now. As an event unique up to the year 1932, it has its assured place in the history of England and the Empire, as also in the records of science. The document remains, and, I can assure every literary aspirant, it is a piece of writing well worth preserving, studying, analysing and, if possible, imitating. As is well known, both the King and the Prince of Wales are serious critics and editors of the speeches prepared for their delivery, and many apt and impressive touches have been introduced by the Royal speakers themselves in their more famous utterances. This broadcast speech was required for very special conditions; there would be difficulties of transmission, there would be listeners by whom only the simplest language, slowly and clearly enunciated, could be understood; listeners whose education would be on very primitive lines. The keynote must be brevity, simplicity, direct forcefulness, dignity with intimacy, good sense, truth and sympathy in every chosen word. Each word must mean something, each word must be a keystone to the completed arch.

. . .

Now study the speech. First observe the simplicity of the chosen words; in some sentences a word of more than one syllable is rare: "My life's aim has been to serve as I might towards those ends"; and again: "I speak now from my home and from my heart to you all. To men and women so cut off by the snows, the desert, or the sea that only voices out of the air can reach them . . ." This is the language of the translated Bible, this is the language of humanity, this is style, the whole be-all and end-all of style; simplicity of language, wherein every word tells and plays a vital part, wherein each is indispensable and none redundant, a series of simple yet noble ideas clothed in the garments which suit the occasion exactly. That is taste; that is style. It is a piece of perfect English Prose which will have its place in the next published anthology.

A YEAR'S PUBLISHING.—

The past year's publishing statistics show another advance. 15,000 books were published in 1932, novels predominating. Of course, a proportion of the general total was republication. But between 1,800 and 1,900 brand-new novels were given out, and I suppose duly reviewed and widely read. That means that the reviewer of novels only in a weekly journal, if his journal be a recognized authority and he be determined to cover the ground, must read and review three dozen new novels every week, and more than six dozen per week if he notice also republished novels. If you could conceive a literary weekly review pledged to notice all more or less serious publications, it would be expected to review weekly about 250 books. Which you will agree is absurd. But it gives one a good idea of the present difficulties which face conscientious reviewers, and affords a deal of excuse for those reviewers who succumb to the temptation to take a new book on its author's or publisher's valuation by merely transcribing the précis on the cover which is usually the work of the enthusiastic author, proud of his new baby. The crux of the difficulty which faces the conscientious reviewer is of course (as I have said before) the extraordinary general improvement in technique in the art of novel writing. On the standards that existed a generation ago, 80 per cent. of new novels deserve notice by authoritative literary reviews.

A HOLY YEAR.—

There a those who believe that the year 34 w the year of the Crucifixion. The larg body of Christian opinion holds th the 19th centenary falls this year. Th all Christianity may participate in great religious and spiritual jubilee, t Pope has decreed a Holy Year fr April 1933 to April 1934. The Pop like the rest of us, has felt the stro need for imparting to our daily life so antidote to a continuous and nauseati banquet of material disaster and failur material selfishness and jealousy and su picion. In a year of almost univers gloom, the Pope could point to t gleams of light only—the success of t Eucharistic Congress in Dublin a the Chaco Christmas truce. The reli ious persecutions in Russia, Spain, a Mexico were among the darkest patch of the year. Holy Years have n seldom been declared by Popes in tim of trouble. They draw thousands pilgrims to Rome and obviously, by t necessity for co-operative organizati throughout the world, have the effect creating or re-creating the essentials a religious league of nations. For th indeed, in the Middle Ages, was t effect of the Papal Authority, ackno ledged over half the civilized world a in all the great centres of learning, t monasteries, when a man might wand across Europe and find every evening resting place among brothers practisi

MR. WILLIAM WALCOT, F.R.I.B.A., whose stimulating scheme for increasing the amenities of London by diverting the course of the Thames forms the subject of the special three-page feature of this issue. Mr. Walcot is seen above at work on his plans, which are on view at No. 5, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.1.

the religious rites and speaking the common tongue with which he was familiar from his youth. If 1933-34 records an advance in spiritual and religious thought, that advance will be welcome and valuable though it comes at the eleventh hour.

"RATIONALIZING GAMBLING."—I have never concealed the fact that I am an enemy of gambling, that I think big lottery prizes bring more misery than joy (alike on those that miss and those that win), that I regard betting as a mug's game, and in consequence that to speak of rationalizing gambling is like speaking of "making bankruptcy pay." A shrewd parallel, for bankruptcy and gambling do appear to pay occasionally. Killjoy? Not a bit. I merely object to gambling on a scale which implies a stake beyond one's means and a prize beyond one's mental balance. Yet before this New Year is out of its teens, I fancy that public opinion will have forced the Government's hand and that the present chaotic state of the law as regards gambling will be in a fair way to "rationalization." As a fact, public opinion at the moment is "abnormal," for times are so bad that men are forced to build their hope (a human necessity) on the sands of chance rather than on the rock of initiative. Therefore, we shall be rationalizing on false and ephemeral premises. We had much better rationalize during normal trade conditions. But there it is. The law as it stands is hypocritical and absurd.

The interests conflict. Morality objects to Tote clubs for the evils which, unregulated, they breed. Yet the decent racing interests have elected to back the Tote for the money which it may yield one day to racing and horse breeding. At the moment, those profits are disappointing, because men are slow to change their habits; and the bookmaker, maintaining his human appeal, maintains his richer clientèle, the serious backers. And if the Tote is authorized on the turf, it is highly unjust that it should be illegal on the track. Then there is a mass of illogicality in the present aspect of the law in regard to street betting, and on the other hand the growing Tote club movement. Finally, there is the sweep or lottery question. It is ridiculous that, despite the law, millions of money should leave this country every year on the chance of its returning into one hand, ridiculous and humiliating since it proves the impotence of our laws. Nor are the hospitals, potential beneficiaries, by any means unanimous in wanting sweeps. I feel certain that State lotteries are being forced on us. It is an expedient which twenty years ago the British Government would have dismissed as degrading to a respectable nation. And, having accepted the principle of Totes, it is reasonably certain that the Government must admit the logic and justice of its extension to dog-racing and, under conditions, to clubs. And so it seems that 1933 will remove one more example of our national hypocrisy and not impossibly afford instead a clear example of national short-sightedness and official cowardice. For one thing is clear: if normal trade conditions ever return, legalized gambling and State lotteries will deflect the nation's savings from financing sound enterprise.

FIRST SALUTE.—The man who receives my first salute for 1933 is Mayor Cermak of Chicago. May his robe of office be of damascene steel and bullet-proof at close range. For during the past months, deaf to threats and firm in his determination to take away Chicago's reproach among cities, he has resolutely tackled the gangster menace. The past "season" has been remarkable. Twenty brace of gunmen have been bagged by the police guns, to say nothing of the unrecorded number of winged and crippled birds of ill-omen. The bag includes Capone's successor and the notorious Nydick. On the side of law and order the casualties have been heavy also, though not 50 per cent. of the gangsters' losses. If Cermak wins through and cleans up Chicago, no reward that could be devised could be too high to requite his courage and determination or the value of his achievement. Every decent man, of whatever country and creed, should pray for his success and safety.

FOR THE BLIND, THE DUMB, AND THE LONELY.—Probably the most obstinate and unexpected best-seller of our day has been Dr. Axel Munthe's *Story of San Michele*, that medley of colourful reminiscence, imagination, idealism, and inspiration which has found a place in every library, big or small, in the land, nay in half the civilized world. John Murray's have sold off a score of impressions of the book in the original and cheap editions, and have found it a very St. Christopher in the troubled spate of the past literary years. Therefore it is interesting to learn how the author has benefited from the book. Apparently he has received to date, on account, £5,000. This secret we should never have known if Dr. Munthe had not decided to give away all his profits to the King of Sweden, by him to be distributed among three selected causes. It is an interesting choice. The first is the blind, the second dumb animals, the third the Laplanders. But Dr. Munthe is concerned, in respect of the third group, not so much for their lonely state as to save them, if he can, from the horrors of becoming "civilized" and from the evil eye of the all-pervading tourist. Such, it seems, is the judgment of civilization reached by a highly civilized and cultured idealist.

A BANK HOLIDAY FOX-HUNT.—Hindhead is not what it was when Cobbett, riding across its heath, cursed it as the most desolate and barren spot in these islands. There are many of us who, looking on its car parks and tea houses and petrol stations, wish it were so. But Hindhead had its place in the sun—blazing sun—on Boxing Day and enjoyed the rural amenities of old times. For the Chiddingfold Hounds met on the Car Park—five men in pink and a field of a dozen or so in ratcatcher—and hounds descended into the Bowl and drew the copses and bogs. All round the heathery rim a solid wall of humanity stood wedged enjoying a magnificent view of the sport. A fox was found with almost suspicious speed, and every man, woman, and child saw him break cover and watched him dodging in and out, perpetually headed by small boys and constantly blocked by the wall of "humanity." It was round and round the mulberry bush for some time and Golconda to a china orange on the death of Charles James. But a miracle came to pass on the prayers of the Haslemere anti-blood-sport league. The fox found a gap in the human wall and headed away for Thursley, leaving hounds guessing in the Bowl. And that was the end of the hunt for Hindhead, and 700 cars started purring again.

YORK HERALD.—Mr. Aubrey Toppin has been appointed York Herald to succeed Mr. Cary. Our old institutions possess an amazing vitality. We have never been so democratic as to-day; it is doubtful if we shall ever grow more so still. Strange then to realize that half a dozen or more talented gentlemen sit in the Herald's Office the year round filling in time between extremely rare State functions for which they emerge, dressed up in the gorgeous costumes of the Tudor period, to blow a trumpet, read out a proclamation, or follow a crowned head in a procession. How do they fill in this spare time? They sit at their desks and wait patiently, and sure as fate a brand-new Baron in the New Year's Honours List, a farmer from Wisconsin, a stockman from Western Australia, a maiden lady from Knutsford, a clergyman from Somersetshire, blows in and asks for proof that he or she is descended from Sir Amyas de Burgh (temp. Henry VIII), from Jehanne de Valenciennes (1160) or John of Lancaster (or Ghent). A price, a rough estimate, of the cost of the family tree, is quoted and the applicant strains at the cost but invariably swallows it. It includes a modest rake-off for the Herald on duty. And then he gets busy among parish registers and tombstones. It is very easy to trace anybody's descent from John of Gaunt (who was indeed the father of his people). But behind Edward III the dark forest thickens. Strange, isn't it, that any should survive prepared to pay through the nose for a pedigree back beyond Edward III? As for the New Year Honours, I purpose next week to develop an argument from an examination of the list.

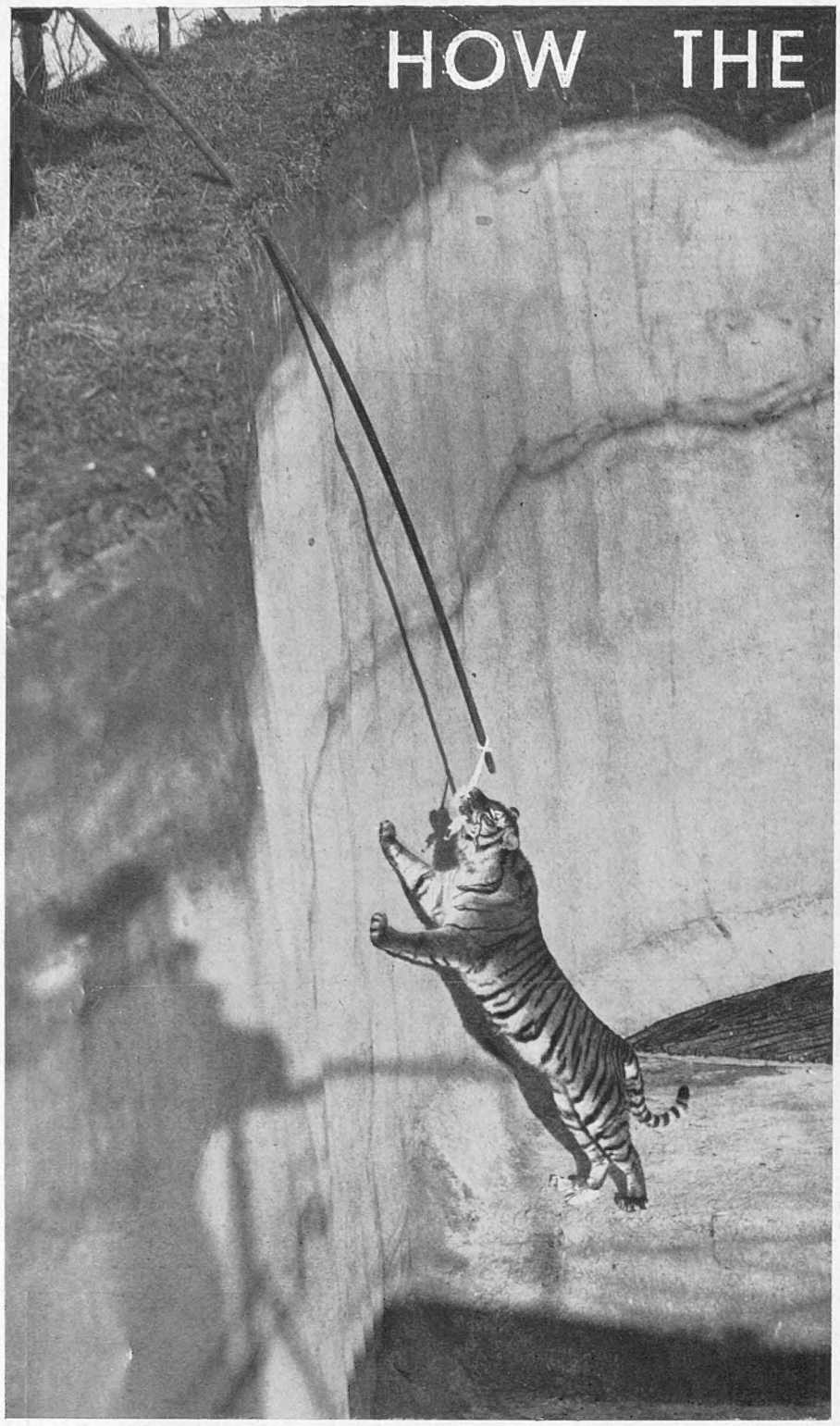
WHAT A GAME!—Oh, what a great game, what an imperishable game is cricket, a game that can produce such sporting thrills and turns of fortune as the second Test! And oh! the pity that such a god-sent game should become a pawn in a commercial struggle, as sometimes it does; that it should be slobbered over and snarled over; accorded an importance it never desired and does not deserve; that it should be fastened on for a livelihood by people who never play it, and turned into a bore and a nuisance by people who have given up playing it; that it should be written up and run to death as if it were something as flashy and ephemeral as a film star or a society foible; and vulgarized through a false estimate of the public's intelligence.

THE OLD STAGER.

"SWEENEY TODD" VISITS SWEENEY TODD'S: Mr. Tod Slaughter and his company, which is playing the old melodrama of the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, paid a visit by old-time coach to the present hairdressing establishment that bears that traditional name. Mr. Slaughter is seen above providing a contrast both in costume and razor to the modern barber clad in the neat white coat of the modern Sweeney's

THE ITALIAN IN ENGLAND: Signor Grandi, the popular ex-Foreign Minister of Fascismo, who has been appointed Ambassador to London, recreated in Greek Street for a number of children from the Italian Colony the Christmas festivities of their native Italy. Signor Grandi and the Ambassadress are seen above pulling crackers with their youthful guests, the majority of whom are evidently characteristic little youngsters of progressive Italy

HOW THE



PHYSICAL JERKS FOR TIGERS: The striped beasts at Whipsnade are apt to be sluggish in winter, so their keeper has invented a means both to provide them with necessary exercise and keep them warm—by dangling a rag at the end of a stick, tempting them to leap for it. During the past week the tigers have been busy leaping

STAY-AT-HOMES

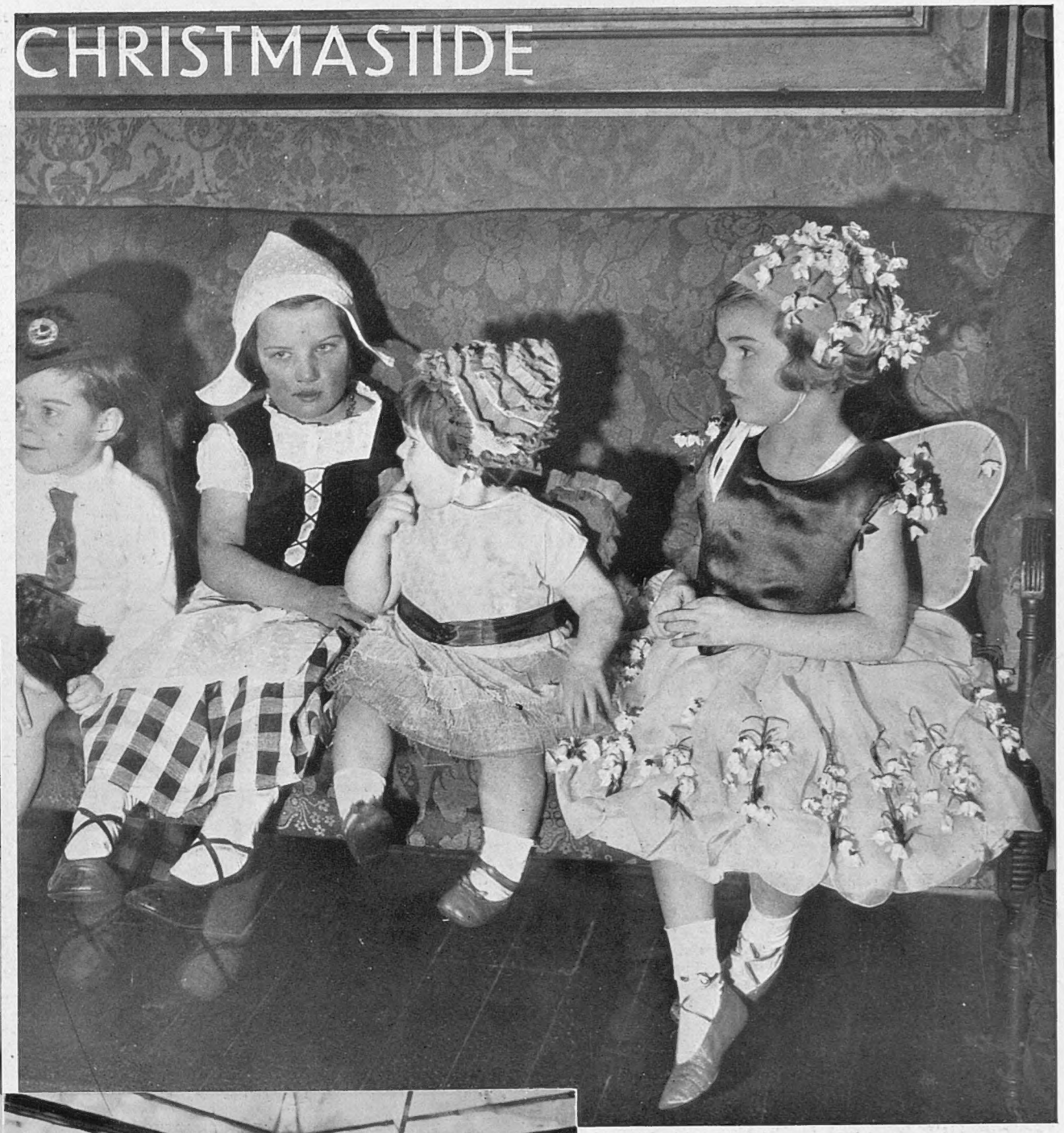
FACES ALIGHT WITH EXPECTATION: The Gallery queue waiting for th mime performance. The opening days of January are pre-eminent ope London sees queue after queue outside the theatres and wanderin chi gro

HORSES', NOT *HENKERS MAHLZEIT*: The annu ew ing in retirement at the Cricklewood Home est. old beasts of burden are given a special repa equine delicacies. Two of them a sin

SCENIC VARIETY IN HYDE PARK: The start of the lumbering season was begun with the first week-day of the New Year when trees marked as dangerous were felled. Beyond the timber the Life Guards are seen making their way back to barracks after the Changing of the Guard

SPENT CHRISTMASTIDE

opening of the doors of a London panto- children's days. A peregrination of groups of children by the score



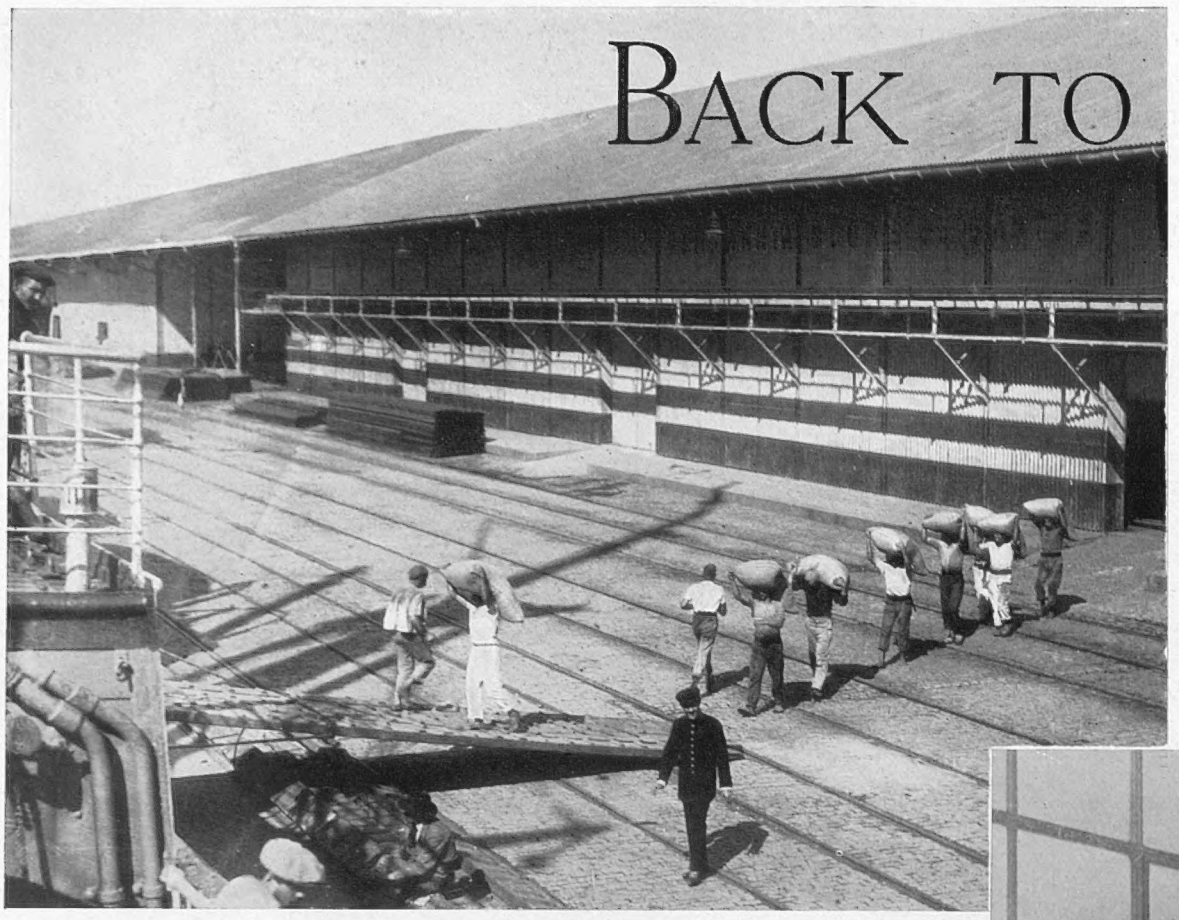
FANCY DRESS: Some of the little guests at the party given by the English Speaking Union at Dartmouth House, at which Catherine Countess of Westmorland presented the prizes. Parties have their solemn moments

ew Year dinner for horses liv- ome est. Every New Year's Day the pecial repared menu of favourite em osing at the table

AN ANIMATED DISPLAY in the window of one of the great stores attracted big crowds to the plate-glass windows of a Regent Street shop. The marionettes were mechanically activated

WRAPT INTEREST: A study of one of the enthralled listeners at Professor Rankine's Christmas juvenile lectures at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street. This year the subject of the scientific talks was "The Circle of Waters"

BACK TO BARTER



BARTER IN BRAZIL: The great Latin-American State has recently arranged to exchange 1,050,000 sacks of coffee, like those seen above, each of which contains 130 lb. of the fragrant growth, for 25,000,000 bushels of United States wheat

A few days before Christmas I was talking to a manufacturer of textile machinery, and he asked me rather a curious question. "Do you want 100 tons of salmon?" he said. "Not a bit," I replied, "but why?" He then explained that he had that day sold a piece of textile manufacturing machinery for export and had agreed to accept payment for it in tinned salmon. The buyer of the machinery had not got the currency available to pay for it, so there had been a reversion to the oldest form of trade, barter. The same day I met the representative of a firm of Newcastle coal exporters. He, too, had news of a barter arrangement, of the exchange of 39,000 tons of coal, to be used by the Swedish State Railways, for pit timber. "It's nothing unusual," he said. "A few days ago X (he mentioned a well-known firm of exporters) bartered 95,000 tons of coal with Finland in exchange for pit-props."

And so, in 1933, we are using the same methods of trade as those employed by the Phœnicians when they landed on the shores of Britain and exchanged metals for furs and other native products. Barter is the oldest form of trade in the world, but never at any period in history has it become entirely extinct. It was reported about a year ago that in the South-Western States of America wheat was being used as a medium of exchange, merchants accepting it in exchange for foodstuffs, clothing, and motor cars. Yet we do not have to go so very far back in American history to arrive at the period when tobacco was recognized as a general medium of exchange. The truth is that economic depression and barter go hand in hand. The worse the condition of trade and the greater the restriction of currencies, the recognized medium of exchange, the greater is the tendency for traders, and even governments, to return to barter.

Barter may seem unorthodox in Britain and it may shock the economists, but it merely means that, chiefly as a result of governments restricting the importation and exportation of currency, traders are using coal, timber, wheat, and other products as mediums of exchange. The Romans did the same thing. The Latin word *pecunia* (pecus) is evidence that the earliest Roman currency was composed of cattle. In the "Iliad" can be found a passage where the value of two sets of armour is estimated in terms of oxen, and in the ancient laws of Ireland there is evidence of cattle being used as a method of value. And the parable of Jacob and Esau provides us with the most classic instance of barter, when a birthright was sold for a mess of pottage.

Barter has not been used much in Britain for some years, but in the latter part of the last century it was frequently employed by farmers. In the black days of the 80's and 90's various agricultural products were often exchanged without money passing. I have seen mention in the old farm books kept by members of my own family of hops and barley being exchanged with the brewers for ale. Similarly, in Norway corn has never ceased to be used in the agricultural communities as a medium of exchange, and in the Birmingham district there are a number of factories and a large number of workers dependent upon the manufacture of "trade goods," pocket mirrors, cheap knives, ornaments, and china-ware used by African and South Seas traders in the purchase of oil nuts and other products from the natives. There is also in Africa an extensive barter trade which absorbs every year large quantities of old band instruments and uniforms. The cast-off tunic of a Guards' drummer or the discarded saxophone of a West-End dance band still has a definite "cattle-value" in Central Africa. And to-day barter has become an important factor in world economics.

A minor sensation of last week was the report, emanating from Montreal, that negotiations were taking place for the exchange of up to 100,000 head of Canadian cattle for Russian oil from the Black Sea ports. It was stated that the plans were being considered by the Canadian Minister of Agriculture, but the whole story has been emphatically denied by Mr. Bennett, the Prime Minister, and the deal is now said to be "off." In February, 1931, a flight of eleven Italian seaplanes left Italy under the leadership of General Balbo, and flying down the African coast crossed the South Atlantic to Brazil. This flight not only made aviation history, in that it was the first transatlantic formation flight by Service machines, but it also made economic history. It signalled the return to the direct exchange of commodities between governments and private concerns in various countries; in other words, a return to the age-old method of barter. For those seaplanes never returned to Italy. The Brazilian Government wanted them, and she gave Italy 50,000 bags of coffee, valued at £90,000, in exchange for them.

Since the beginning of 1931 such arrangements have come into force one after another between different countries. In August of the same year, the Brazilian Government again figured in an arrangement, this time with the United States Federal Farm Board, whereby something over 1,000,000 bags of coffee were exchanged for 25,000,000 bushels of American wheat. In October, 1931, Brazilian coffee again figured in an arrangement with the Rhenish Westphalian Coal Syndicate for 500,000 tons of coal.

There was much shaking of heads by the most orthodox economists over these barter arrangements and many prophecies of their speedy collapse, but other countries followed Brazil's example. Embarrassed by large stocks of raw cotton accumulated over a number of years, Egypt made tentative suggestions to Lancashire for an exchange of cotton against manufactured goods. What came of this suggestion is not known, but it has had an interesting and important sequel. Recently, a company was formed, with offices in London and Buda, to import Hungarian agricultural produce, particularly sheepskins, into England. The proceeds are to be applied to the purchase of raw cotton. The important point is that recently Hungary has been unable by reason of her balance of trade to purchase raw cotton, and her textile industry has been in danger of collapse. Now, by sending her agricultural produce and wool to this country, incidentally with our agricultural industry in a state of acute depression, she can produce cotton goods with cheap labour to oust Lancashire goods in the Near Eastern markets. That is just a little problem of international trade.

Another barter problem is furnished by the arrangement existing between a firm in Canada and the Soviet Union. Very soon after the close of the Imperial Conference at Ottawa a Danish tanker arrived at Montreal with a cargo of Russian oil from Batoum. This was part of a transaction whereby the Aluminium Company of Canada has contracted to supply the Soviet Union with aluminium products, mainly wire and cables for their electrification schemes, taking crude oil as payment. This arrangement, following so soon after the Imperial Conference, aroused no little comment, but a very interesting tale hangs to it. The Aluminium Company of Canada is a subsidiary of the American Aluminium Company, controlled by the Mellon interests in Pittsburg. This barter plan came into operation at about the same time as the agreement with Russia over oil prices was signed. It coincided also with the announcement that the American Manufacturers' Export Association had produced a barter scheme, which provided for the deposit of Russian goods in American warehouses and the issue against them of certificates to be discounted by the American banks. The plan is based on the assumption that Russia would buy up to 100,000,000 dollars' worth of American products a year against such non-competitive goods as manganese, furs, potash, and the inevitable caviar. This plan has important backing. The Canadian arrangement brings the powerful Mellon interests into the

BARTER IN BERLIN: An impoverished sculptor is fortunate enough to employ an artistic coal merchant who accepts a bust for briquettes of fuel

A Process Forced upon the World by the Shortage of Exchange Currency and One which may Evolve a New Medium of Exchange — BARTEX : : By J. BAKER-WHITE

picture, and so from barter we come to the realm of higher American politics and the highly intensified propaganda in favour of the establishment of official diplomatic relations between the States and the Soviet Union. The Soviet is very keen on making barter agreements with other countries, because the rouble is valueless abroad and useless for purchasing much-needed machinery. Recently Russia wanted new ships, and suggested that they might be built in Belfast yards and exchanged for flax for the Ulster linen industry. The idea was that, as flax was purchased at the ruling prices, credits should be established with a central authority which would pay for the building of the new ships. It was also suggested that the scheme might be widened to include timber, but nothing practical seems to have come of it as yet. Actually barter is discouraged in Soviet Russia, though it exists to an enormous extent. Recently peasants were travelling the whole way from Bessarabia to Moscow to barter their hand-made rugs secretly for bread. The Soviet has now stopped this "bread pilgrimage," but barter continues, even, it is whispered, between State trading organizations!

Bulgaria, too, is trying to develop a considerable barter trade with other countries. Recently the National Bank announced that, against Bulgarian tobacco, firms and persons might import from Germany dyes, medicines, zinc, and other products without waiting the prescribed three months for valuta; also that, against tobacco, tanning extracts and wool might be imported from France. Public tenders are now being called for supplies to the various State and municipal departments. In most cases it is stipulated that the contractor must undertake to arrange the purchase of Bulgarian tobacco by the country from which the supplies for which he is tendering are to come. It is disturbing that this clause will practically cut out British participation.

THE UNITED STATES: A travelling salesman swops three of his wares for petrol whereby he can drive to the next town

On the other hand, certain countries are contemplating barter arrangements with Britain. The Greek Government, for example, is considering an offer from an English firm for a supply of £1,000,000 worth of coal for the Greek Navy and railways. It is suggested that one-third of the coal should be paid for in currants and tobacco. At the same time, reciprocal trade is developing between Finland and Britain on the basis of the exchange of coal for pit-props, pulp, and wood-pulp. It was reported not long ago that 36,000 tons of British coal had been purchased by Finland in return for a reciprocal order of 50,000 tons of pit-props for the Welsh mines, and on December 1 a barter contract was concluded between the Newfoundland Railways and a British coal company whereby 40,000 tons of coal are being exchanged for 38,000 cords of pit-props.

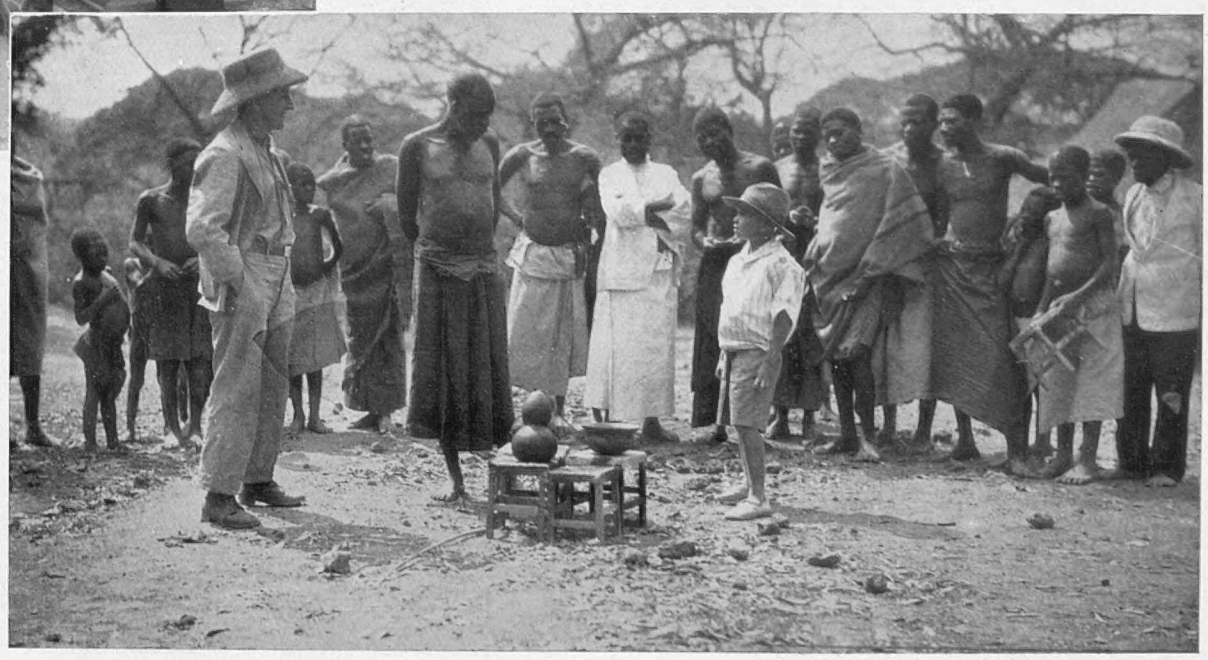
The spread of barter arrangements may become more effective in changing the direction of trade than increasing its absolute volume and, of course, if two Governments enter into a barter arrangement consumers must be found for the goods exchanged. Barter arrangements are useful, but they are also apt to create new difficulties. If a government takes a million tons of bacon or coffee or some other commodity in exchange for, say, coal, it has to pay the original producer and part with taxpayers' money now in the hope of receiving money in the future. That is a perfectly usual and proper commercial transaction, but one that governments in the past have been fundamentally incapable of carrying out without losing a large proportion of the taxpayers' money. Purchasers have to be found for the bacon and coffee, and they must be those who in the ordinary course of events would have bought coffee or wheat through the usual trade channels, or others who could be persuaded to become new purchasers by some peculiar attraction or inducement. We are not told whether the Italian Air Force consumed the Brazilian coffee that paid for General Balbo's 'planes. We do, however, know the sequel to the arrangement between Brazil and the United States Farm Board. Immediately after the conclusion of the deal Brazil placed an embargo on the further importation of wheat, with an unhappy effect on the Argentine. There was next announced an embargo on the importation of foreign flour for eighteen months, to the fury of the millers in the United States.

Two interesting sidelights on this barter arrangement are that the American Grain Stabilization Corporation has now begun to sell the 1,050,000 bags of coffee that it received in exchange for 25,000,000 bushels of wheat. A maximum quantity of 62,500 bags per month will be sold in the American markets, and those interested in the proposed barter arrangements with Russia are watching the reactions of the markets to these sales with very close attention. The Argentine announces that the amount of wheat surplus to the requirements of the country amount to over a million metric tons! There is evidence that the United States Government proposes to extend its barter trade with South America even further. The Chilean Government is now considering a proposal to exchange 40,000 tons of nitrate for 2,500,000 bushels of surplus wheat held by the United States Federal Farm Board.

Lecturers on economics who are short of subjects might well direct their attention to the return to barter and the examination of such knotty problems as that of who consumes the bartered goods and whether they result in an increased volume of trade or merely a redirection. Barter may be as old as the world and perhaps it is economically unsound, but it will prevail and increase so long as the present chaotic conditions of world trade remain. When, if ever, the World Economic Conference takes place, barter must be one of the subjects for discussion. It may be presumed that the Governments of the United States and Soviet Russia will be represented at the Conference. By the time it takes place the world may know more about the exchange of Canadian aluminium for Soviet oil and the repercussions and connections of this arrangement upon "very big business" in the United States. So barter may prove to be a very definite ruling factor in the World Economic Conference. The London Chamber of Commerce has suggested the introduction of a scheme involving the establishment of clearing-houses in Britain and other countries to facilitate the exchange of goods and the use of an external trade barter unit to be known as "Bartex." One imagines that "Bartex" is to be a unit of exchange, replacing the currencies of the different nations and becoming a sort of international currency. In the meantime, barter principles are being applied in some curious instances. Last week a farmer in the North of England sent a cow to market. Unable to find a cash buyer he bartered it for a wireless set.

Mr. Jack Hylton, having given concerts in Hungary, has accepted a building in Budapest in payment for his services, as the export of currency is forbidden. Amongst the Paris artists, so hard hit by "la crise," barter is the order of the day. A few days ago an artist at the Salon des Echanges sold a picture for a sack of vegetables, some coal, several pairs of boots, and a complete set of Balzac. A prospective buyer of another picture by this artist, when asked to supply some adequate return for it, announced himself as a surgeon. So the picture has been bartered for an operation, transferable if desired, to be performed at some future date when and if required.

A PORTRAIT FOR PROVENDER: A German artist takes her payment in kind instead of cash and is reimbursed with a tableful of comestibles



BARTER IN AFRICA: The leader of an expedition watches the dilatory bargaining between a native chieftain and a small boy named (with singular aptness, to judge by his insistence on what he deemed his rights) McDowell. Barter is of course still prevalent in Africa—all expeditions barter their way across the continent

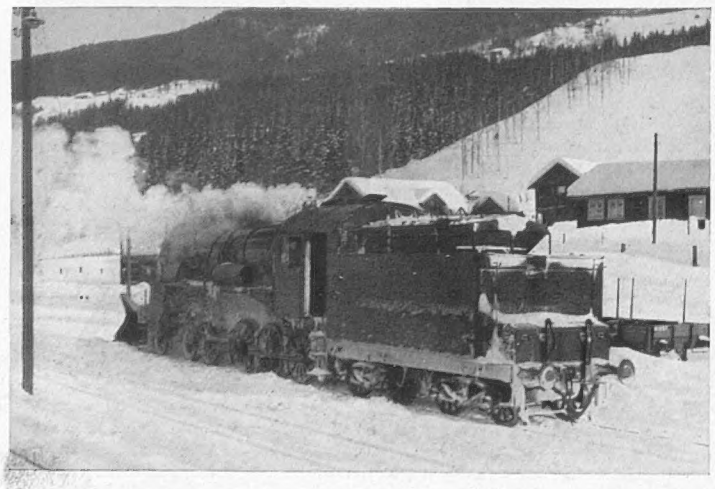
WHERE SNOW HAS FALLEN ABROAD

SNOWFALL ON BABYLON: Central Park, New York, gives an impression rather of Mittel Europa, save for the jagged skyline of towering buildings that runs along its westernmost edge—the avenue starting north at 59th Street and named Central Park West

SKATING AT ST. MORITZ: Lady James Dunn and her daughter, Lady Patricia Douglas, receiving a lesson on the Suvretta Rink by Miss Frenssen

The winter in Europe generally has been remarkably open hitherto, winter sports at Helsingfors being imperilled for the first time for many years owing to lack of snow. Certain areas, notably Switzerland, however, have been very lucky.

A POLITICAL BATTLE between the Republican and Democratic page-boys of Congress and the Senate was refereed by Messrs. McClintie of Oklahoma and Maas of Minnesota after a record fall of snow in Washington, D.C. The "battle" ended in a win for the page-boys, a loss for the refs.!

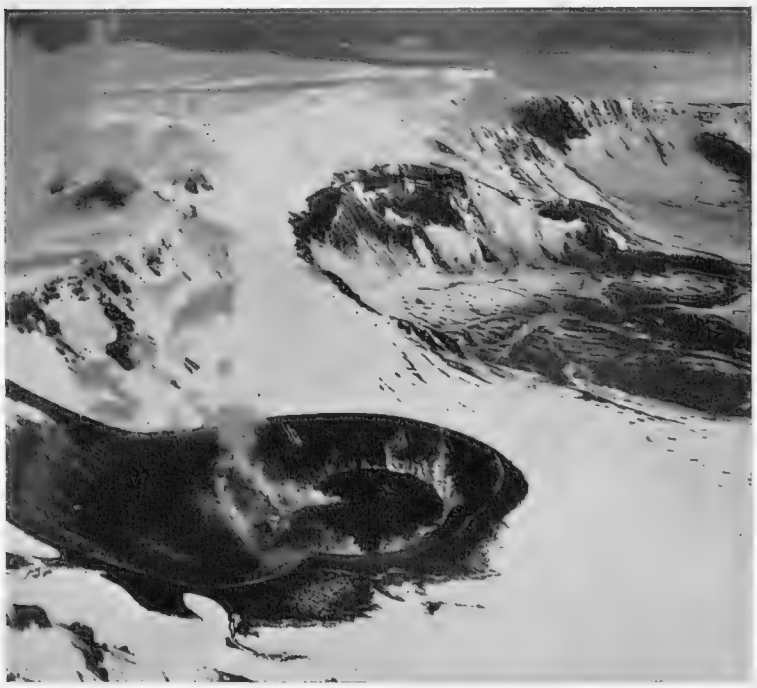


THE RAILWAY OF THE SNOWS: A locomotive fitted with a snow-plough at work in Norway, where stations are equipped with cycle-ploughs to clear their platforms. This picture was taken at Finse on the line between Oslo and Bergen

WATERFOWL TRAPPED BY THE ICE: So suddenly did a frost fall on Klamath Lake, Oregon, recently that thousands of duck and other fowl were caught in the ice. In two days over 2,000 birds were rescued, and, though fierce at first, recovered both their health and docility when put near a fire

DANTE'S INFERNO: Father Hubbard standing on the lava at the base of the volcano, Mt. Aniakchak, where, at a depth of 12 in. below the surface, he recorded a temperature of 1,080° C., the highest registered heat of an Alaskan volcano, at which temperature he melted copper

THE CRATER OF ANIAKCHAK in which is not only a lake but cold lava areas, as well as furiously erupting fumaroles with Father Hubbard's seaplane



A NEW-BORN CRATER in the gigantic crater of Aniakchak. Father Hubbard's aeroplane entered the main, not the erupting cavity. *On right*—THE BIRTH OF A NEW CRATER: The aviator and mechanic of the party by the vent which subsequently developed into the furious centre of eruption seen above

facts to the science of vulcanology by melting copper at 1,080 deg. Centigrade. The ascent up Mt. Katmai was made on Easter Sunday and Father Hubbard was surprised at the top of the crater by a blizzard. Heavy clothing had been abandoned and the storm caught him in his summer clothes. However, the Eskimo dog, Mageik, which accompanied them on their ascent, led the way back to camp. Failure of a boat to arrive on Kodiak Island made it necessary for the party to kill some of the sled dogs for food. But eleven days later they were picked up by a passing ship which carried them to the Aleutian Islands, where they ascended the erupting Mt. Shishaldin, a volcano that until then had been unconquered. This they achieved in twenty-one hours, traversing through two blizzards.

FLYING in a VOLCANO

For the first time in history the perilous feat of bringing an aeroplane down inside the crater of an active volcano has been accomplished by the Rev. Bernard R. Hubbard, known as the "Glacier Priest," who has recently returned after his sixth consecutive year of exploration which, according to Father Hubbard, who is head of the Geology Department of the University of Santa Clara, began the worst and ended the best of any of the expeditions. The climax—the landing by 'plane in the crater of the volcano—occurred last May when Frank Dorbandt piloted Father Hubbard to a perfect landing on the surface of a lake at the bottom of the erupting Aniakchak volcano, after a flight of 300 miles from Unimak Island. For five hours Father Hubbard and his party explored the interior of the crater, venturing as close as possible to the erupting areas. Then, to their dismay, they found that they had only enough fuel left for twenty

THE GLACIER PRIEST: Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., whose sixth and most successful expedition to the volcanoes of Alaska is recorded on this page

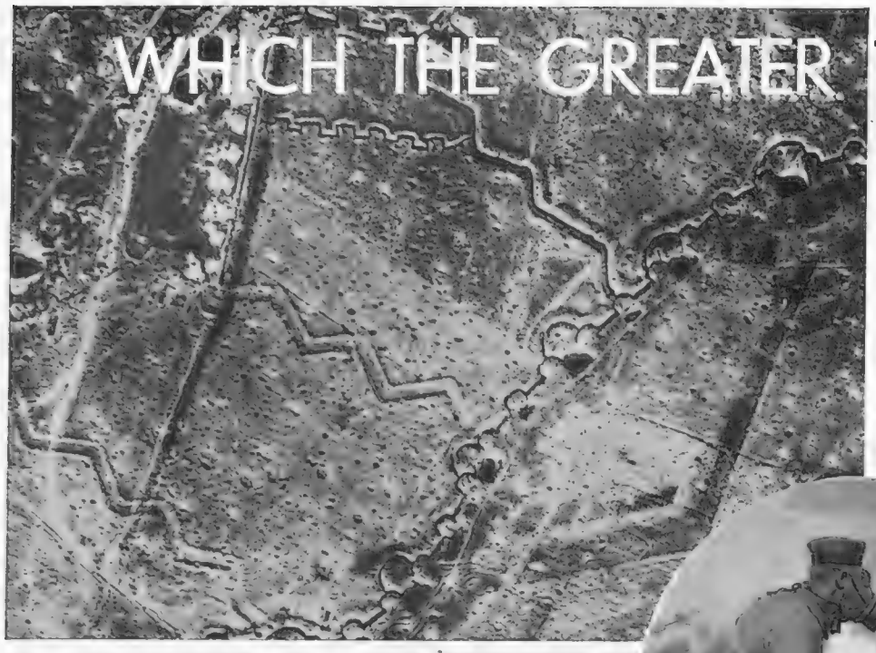
minutes' flight. Dorbandt accomplished it in a very few minutes owing to his knowledge of mountain flying. Father Hubbard, who was accompanied by two students, Kenneth Chisholm and Jack Morton, also succeeded during the trip in making the first winter ascent of the famous Mt. Katmai. He also added some new

(Continued below on left)

WHICH THE GREATER TRANSGRESSOR?

The Poison Gas Warning and the Surrender of the Sugano Position

By FERDINAND TUOHY



THE SCARS OF WAR: The type of land crossed by Jaeger, whose warning of the impending gas attack was of no purpose owing to the blind inattention of the French Staff and has now resulted in his imprisonment. *Inset on right* is a drawing by F. Matania, R.I., of an early gas attack

This is 1933. The nineteenth year after the declaration of War. I am not sure that anyone writing about the War at this time of day should not preface what he has to say with apology, simple and direct. It may be, though, that if one is able at once to break virgin soil in narrative and point a further finger at the fissures in twentieth-century war-waging—what a wash-out the thing really is—some justification even now exists for reverting to 1914–18.

I dare say most people read about the sentence of ten years' penal servitude passed on the forty-one-year-old ex-fieldgrey, August Jaeger, for betraying to the French the imminence of the first gas attack at Ypres, in April, 1915. Actually, only wanton French negligence in the long ago saved Jaeger from having his head chopped off nearly eighteen years after his military crime. The defence was that whatever the accused told the enemy, it did not bring material injury to the German arms; and the reason no material injury devolved was because the French General Staff—in the event, of Foch's Northern Group—when confronted with tangible evidence that a new terror, poison gas, lay opposite and ready for use, paid not the slightest heed to such information, warned not a soul, forgot about it.

One can see Jaeger being examined. Luck wrote that I should have to deal with many of them; 100 per cent. deserters; they were quite different from other prisoners. These could say they knew nothing, and you—the Intelligence Officer—had no hold over them. They could, and often did, say, "Hague Abmachung"—meaning that by the Hague Agreement a prisoner-of-war need give only his name, regiment, and family details. Technically he could thereafter be mum, though few Germans ever were save officers—who would click their heels and ask: "Were you in my position would you answer?": to which, somehow, one never quite found adequate détour. But with deserter fellows who had been reported as coming up against our wire on their knees and signalling "*Kamerad!*" it was different. They were delivered into your hands. You could threaten them. With fellows who obviously had grey matter, i.e., had observed their surroundings intelligently and had separated the wheat from the chaff in forward zone gossip, I more than once threatened to send a chit across to the German battalion commander whose strength had fallen by one—how pleased he would be—and what a welcome a deserter thus signalled would receive after the War when he returned to the Fatherland. With skill it usually worked, though on occasion one had to fall to writing out the chit and sending for an orderly. What pantomime! However . . .

Jaeger's story ran that he was captured by a patrol of Chasseurs who saw his queer, unheard-of gas-mask and asked questions. The weakness here is (a) that lorry-drivers such as Jaeger did not go out between the lines, and (b) all ranks were certainly warned not to take their gas-masks on patrol. Deserters invariably used to say they "got lost" on patrol. It was the stock excuse.

Jaeger was tried and acquitted by the Leipzig Supreme Court twelve years ago, and all would have been serene had not the French General Ferry, who had commanded in the sector involved, re-let the cat out of the bag in a recent magazine article in which he said Jaeger had come over and told everything. The General did this not to get at Jaeger, but at the French Staff which had ignored the most vital of all advance warnings; and making due allowance for early days of constant learning, learning, it does seem that this Staff was grievously to blame—some may say more so than Jaeger—in as much as gas was no new thing, no wild-cat, rabies rumour such as were so frequent in those days. As we know, Lord Dundonald put up gas at the time of the Crimean War. The sin of Cassel Hill, the so mortal sin, is heightened if we bear in mind that a last moment hitch occurred, and that the Germans had to postpone their secret frightfulness from the 15th (day of Jaeger's revelation) to the 22nd. In other words, the French—and ourselves, and the Belgians—would have had one whole week in which to have devised some form of crude preparation, instead of the ultimate-second moistened handkerchiefs and pieces of wet cloth pressed to the mouth to ward off hideous suffocation in agony. The French Colonial troops, 10,000 of them, ran back, back in rout through Elverdinghe to Poperinghe, and one can hardly blame their African terror. The Canadians and neighbouring French stood firm, with their moistened rags.

Opinions may vary as to whether Jaeger can fairly be dubbed a traitor. He may have just come over to get out of the business, and have forgotten about his gas-mask. In the story that follows I am also doubtful about the word "traitor." Technically, yes. But the ins-and-outs of modern warfare are such that standards require to be revised. Once, in Palestine, a swarthy little man in British major's fittings came into the mess tent where I was alone, bowed, and introduced himself. "I surrender two days ago. I Armenian. I hate Turks. I now propagand my battalion over. I now British major." Could he be rated as a traitor—an Armenian forced to fight for his torturer? You will see a close parallel in the following events, which in all likelihood constitute the biggest miss made by the Allies throughout the War. (I learnt about it in hush-hush circles at Noventa in the spring of 1918, and I do hope I shall not be hauled up under the Official Secrets Act, suddenly so active.)

In the summer of 1917 all was quiet in the Sugano Valley on the Italian Front. The position—a key one defending the approaches to Trent and Botzen—was defended by a Bosnian battalion whose officers and N.C.O.s were nearly all Czechs with no love for their taskmasters, the Austrians. The position was so important that it was one of the few possessing barbed wire entanglements charged with high tension current. But it was left to Czechs, in command.

Some were even Croats. Seventeen racial varieties went to compose the Habsburg host in its last agitations, and I recollect meeting Mr. Wickham Steed one day at our G.H.Q. in the Fruilian Hills when he told me his mission was to lure the various species over with different propaganda for each. However, some were Croats and among them a Dr. Pivko, who hit upon the idea of handing the position over to the Italians, and thus speeding on the liberty of his race. For it would be much more than just a local transmission of trench line from one side to the other. If Sugano fell the way would be open for a sudden thrusting at Trent and Botzen, and if these towns in turn fell to the Italians not only would the Austro-German offensive due on the Isonso be rendered impossible, but the entire Austrian line between the Isonso and the Ortier would be gravely compromised. There must follow wholesale retreat, and none could say if the disgruntled Habsburg *potpourri* might not disintegrate under it, beckoning a premature collapse of the Central Powers. Pivko, the pivot, you might say, of the World War, for a day.

The plotter was duly assured of the support of his Czech and Croat friends—it didn't much matter what the Bosnian rank and file did, they would be surprised out of their skins anyway—and one July day the doctor dispatched the Czech N.C.O. Mlejnek to the headquarters of the First Italian Army at Vicenza. Mlejnek (pronounced Webster) had an easier crossing of the lines than would have been the case in France, for there were only posts dotted here and there while a certain form of "surrender Véry light" obtained. The fellow brought with him a plan of operations down to the last detail, and it is to the credit of the Italian Staff, especially a Captain Finzi of Intelligence, that the amazing arrival and what he had to say were taken au plus grand sérieux. Finzi did what should have been done with Jaeger; he checked up Pivko's plan beside known facts established from other sources and he found Pivko not to be wanting. The doctor's statement began:

"We, Yugoslavs and Czechs of the Bosnian battalion, consider ourselves the Allies of the Entente. We offer our Sugano position to the Italian Army, and advise the Italian High Command to launch an offensive against the Austrian front in conformity with the enclosed plans and with adequate forces. This offensive should commence with an attack on Trent. A second column should advance in the direction of Cavalese in order to cut at this point the railway which descends from Botzen and serves the whole Southern Tyrol."

To this letter were joined plans, maps, minute topographical details, m.g. posts, battery positions, the order of battle, units in reserve or swiftly available—in fact, the whole show as we of Intelligence spent our lives trying to worry it out. On a silver salver were the Italians offered stunning victory. They were even told—which was all-important—that the Austrian line locally contained but very few Germans the bulk of whom—eventually six divisions—were being concentrated under von Bülow on the Isonso.

Well, the Italian Staff fell nobly and rightly for Pivko and the wonderful walk-through offensive was arranged for a day in mid-September. It started gloriously with the taking of the Sugano position by the Bersaglieri, who, without loss of any kind, took three or four hundred prisoners, including Pivko. But then, gentle readers, pull down the blind, mourn, weep, and remember what a dud, what a fools' game modern war is, in Europe, anyhow——

A certain General Zincone had charge of the operations and off his own bat, and despite opening brilliant confirmation of Pivko's good faith, he ordered the doctor's arrest and countermanded all orders for a farther advance. The purple idiot was certain he was falling into an Austrian trap! Not a step farther was taken up the sleeping valley of destiny which would have fallen for a song that day of wondrous surprise. Instead, the Italians consolidated their Sugano position. They didn't even consolidate that sufficiently, for the next morning came an Austrian battalion and hove them out. And that was the end of a perfect day.

To think that had Zincone carried on there must have been no Caporetto one month later! No Plumer for Italy; no Foch. No . . . but a truce to such thoughts.

Pivko lived to organize heterogeneous Habsburg prisoners into units holding the Italian line (instant execution awaited such as were captured by the Austrians). Webster, the heroic one, was killed leading an Italian platoon. Zincone was dégommé-d. Was it enough? Was Jaeger's crime worse? Certainly Pivko's was not. By the way, Pivko is to-day a professor at Otasibor, Jugoslavia, that same land which chips away Venetian lions and generally gets Mussolini's goat. And yet, and yet, how helpful did these despised ones wish to be to the Italian arms! Fifteen years ago and more.

A WORLD SURVEY

DECEMBER PROCESSION IN MEXICO: A gathering at Sacromonte, near Amecameca

The pilgrims' Mecca of Guadalupe, which is about half-an-hour's tram journey from Mexico City, the capital of Mexico, is visited by countless pilgrims particularly in December. In the Basilica is the miracle-working picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe, which appeared to an Indian herd, Juan Diego, in 1531, in this place. Behind the Basilica rises the hill of Tepeyac with the cemetery, where lie many well-known Mexicans. The Chapel of the Well with the Spring, where the devout scoop up water with ardour, is also worth notice. The devout streamed in hordes past the church to give thanks to the Virgin after the cessation of religious hostilities. The holy mountain (Sacromonte) near Amecameca at the foot of the two snow-mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, is a well-known pilgrims' resort. A chapel crowns the hill, which is not only much visited by pilgrims, but also by tourists

THE COSTUMES OF RITUAL DANCE: A scene in the Mexican festivities to photograph which involves a considerable risk to the photographer

AMERICA'S FUTURE "FIRST LADY," Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, buys some New Year gifts through the eighty-four-year-old salesman, Mr. M. G. Boyle, who has been selling her articles of *vertu* for many years

A SERBIAN CUSTOM: A paysanne greets her husband in traditional fashion at the Jugoslavian Exhibition of National Crafts —a custom frowned upon nowadays

AN OZARK MOUNTAINEER: A typical "Billy" of the hilly area between Missouri and Arkansas who was arrested near Springfield, Mo., in a liquor raid

HELPING THE NEEDY IN BERLIN: A view of the Christmas feast to 2,000 needy held in Berlin. In addition to the meal, gifts of food and clothing were distributed

Presented by R. D. Cory-Wright, Esq.

KIN TO THE SLOTH AND THE ANT-EATER: The armadillo, which is unique in having an armature of bony plates embedded in its skin. Its kinship with the two dissimilar mammals mentioned above is shown by the structure of its vertebrae. It tunnels and emerges from below the carrion carcases on which it lives

Presented by Frank Nurie, Esq.

"FRETFUL!" The porcupine has two varieties of spine or quill—long and flexible and sharp and stiff with barbed tips. When attacked, it stamps its hind feet and rushes backward upon its assailant, which usually retreats. If the enemy be too large, the porcupine curls up like a hedgehog. A leopard has been known to kill a porcupine and eat it, but the big cats, generally, fear a quill in the paw

Presented by E. C. Johnson, Esq.

"SPOTS": The leopard or panther which in the colder parts of Asia is almost white and in certain areas of India almost black. The leopard is, perhaps, the most ferocious of all the great cats

Presented by T. R. Beckett, Esq.

A HORNLESS DEER: The red flanked duiker of tropic Africa, the toes of which are kin to pigs trotters. When attacked, it feigns death and, when danger has passed by, trusts to its speed to escape

Presented by Hugh Jones, Esq.

FROM BRAZIL: Two carrion hawks from South America locally and colloquially known as Caracara. They are akin to the osprey or fish hawk which is found all over the world

Presented by Mrs. Fairlie

THE MARMOSET, whose tail is not prehensile and whose hand—the thumb not being in opposition to the other fingers and the nails being claw-like—is more of a paw, is lower in the scale than other apes

Presented by E. C. Johnson, Esq.

THE HARNESSED ANTELOPE: A curiously marked sub-species of ungulate or hoofed mammal. Like the horse, the antelope is seldom seen recumbent, but takes its rest on its feet

Presented by Captain A. T. R. Ritchie

EMBLEM OF INCONSTANCY: The chameleon is a member of the lizard family and is noted for its ability to assume the hue of its background. It is gifted with a prehensile tail, and its eyes operate independently of each other

Some GIFTS to LONDON'S ZOO During 1932

Presented by E. C. Johnson, Esq.

THE LOWEST OF THE DOGS: The ashy jackal which frequents the West Coast of Africa. Although markedly canine in structure, jackals in general walk like cats upon their toes rather than upon the "soles"—i.e. pads—of their feet

A detailed view of the most vital section of Mr. Walcot's new scheme for the utilization of the area now occupied by the river. Opposite the House of Commons would be a quiet garden area. Eastward appears the first great "roundabout" dealing with the southbound traffic from Charing Cross. Eastward again run the proposed new boulevards

A RE-PLANNING of the HEART of LONDON by a DIVERSION of the THAMES

Mr. William Walcot's Proposal Analysed and Explained by E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR

Ever since the Great Fire devastated the better part of London and afforded a unique opportunity for the reconstruction of the city, our town-planners have been busy producing schemes for bringing it up-to-date. The well-known plan of Sir Christopher Wren and the lesser-known one of John Evelyn were the first attempts at a solution of a problem that has been ever since growing in intensity. Those plans might well have materialized because then the whole of Central London had been laid waste and was little better than a desert of destroyed structures. We all know that through lack of money these schemes, which at that time seemed so grandiose, were found impossible of realization.

It was about a century later that John Gwynn produced his quarto, in which he adumbrated many of the improvements in street widening and in other ways which have since been carried out by later innovations, although, to be sure, many of his ideas are still awaiting consummation. Then, to be precise, in 1834, Sydney Smirke published certain suggestions for the architectural improvement of the Western part of London, in which, by the way, something analogous to what is now being proposed with regard to the Covent Garden area is formulated. Twenty odd years later there appeared Sir Charles Barry's scheme for concentrating the Government offices at Westminster, together with a proposed bridge across the Thames at the end of Horseferry Road and the linking up of Victoria Street with the Haymarket, the latter interesting at the moment when Carlton House Terrace, through which such a communication could alone now pass, is threatened with demolition; while still earlier Colonel Trench produced his project for an embankment which anticipated Bazalgette's achievement; although in both cases the Surrey side of the river was left severely alone.

Needless to say, there have been innumerable other attempts to make, from a town-planning point of view, the city worthy of itself. Some of these have been confined to special areas, others have been of a more embracing and ambitious character, but it is safe to say that none has approached the vast and comprehensive scheme which has emerged from the fertile brain of Mr. William Walcot, F.R.I.B.A., whose fame as architect, painter, and etcher is world-renowned, and whose reconstructions of the past are recognized by archæologists as being of an extraordinarily accurate, although to many less knowledgeable in this direction they may appear of a daring nature. William Walcot is a man of vision, a different thing altogether from a visionary. He thinks spaciously, and one cannot but suppose that a study of the ampler methods of the ancients, whether they be Romans or Egyptians, has accentuated his innate conceptions of amplitude and splendour. He finds, as do those of us who give ourselves to thought over the matter, that we are crowding new and, in many cases Brobdingnagian, structures into thoroughfares far too exiguous to give them a chance of being seen.

It is as if a man began to plant his suburban back garden with oak trees. Everywhere we turn (where there is room to turn) in London we are confronted with vast piles towering to the skies and obliterating air and light. Even Regent Street, relatively wide as it is, has been stultified in this way. Its new buildings *may* be much finer and more impressive than were those of Nash, but the proportion of height to width which made the entire street so effective has been wholly lost. It is the same with our squares, which are rapidly taking on a commercial, in place of a residential, character. Indeed, we seem to be intent on doing everything towards making London a mass of pretentious reinforced concrete; everything to make it a fine city, except affording the citizens a chance of adequately seeing its buildings. We do not appear to know what a vista is.

Mr. Walcot going about with a seeing eye and perpending such things as these (and how many more!) has drawn out a scheme which, in its stimulating audacity, advances beyond any previous scheme as much as, well say as much as our modern inventions, the wireless and aviation, have beyond the wildest dreams of our fathers.

The illustrations here given will afford the best means of realizing how far embracing and how complete is his idea for a new city, or at least for a new heart to the existing city. He apparently recognizes that the river has long since ceased to interest the citizens. There it flows (the only one in any capital of Europe possessing a stream through its centre which has only one properly developed bank) unregarded and unused. Well, he seems to say, if it be thus neglected as a waterway, let us convert it into a vast and splendid boulevard; and he forthwith obliterates it, diverting its current into a large canal flowing through the hinterland on the south. We shall, no doubt, regret its gracious curve and its swirling, sunlit (when the sun shines in London, *bien entendu*) waters, after it has disappeared, but that, of course, is human nature—to regret when gone what we disregard while still with us.

Again, Mr. Walcot will be the delight of the pedestrian when he finds he can perambulate certain streets set apart specially for him. Conversely, Mr. Walcot sets aside special routes for vehicular traffic.

Again the question of railways concerns him largely. He observes that vast spaces in central positions in the city are occupied by termini which like turtles may be very necessary but appear all shell. He therefore counters with the proposal to concentrate the various lines on the south into one vast terminus fed from different parts by underground communication.

It is indeed on the south bank where we see visualized a series of structures that would rival those on the opposite side of what is now our river but would then be our Grand Boulevard, that Mr. Walcot adumbrates something which so many of us have had at heart, but have not had the heart to propose. For there, with that splendid open space in front, no structures could well be too high or too impressive.

One thing is noticeable about Mr. Walcot's vision of a future and greater London: he is no iconoclast. He does not, like some town-planners, want to make a clean sweep of everything because it is old, or because it may not conform to present and, if we are to judge from earlier instances, temporary fashion. He knows, who better? that directly you begin to pull down what earlier times have bequeathed to you, you are inferentially suggesting to future ages that they shall do the same with what you leave them.

There are in his scheme certain things, perhaps many things, which it might be difficult, if not actually impossible, to compass. But to attain any object one must attempt more than one expects to get. Here we have something so outstanding in its splendid audacity, so thought-compelling, so stimulating, that one cannot but think (and hope) that its mere suggestiveness will lead to an eventual solution of London's problem.

The main railway terminus under Mr. Walcot's scheme is surmounted by a flat roof for aeroplanes. All southern railways would converge on this main terminal on the south side of the future course of the Thames

A SCHEME for RE-PLANNING the HEART of

THE DIVERTED RIVER THAMES AND THE UTILIZATION OF THE OLD BED OF THE RIVER FROM VAUXHALL TO THE TOWER AS ADUMBRATED IN Mi W been prepared by Mr. Walcot during the past six months in which time he has been elaborating the scope of his scheme. To the right is the new course of the Tham cut Mr. Walcot's southern railway station with his tra dis

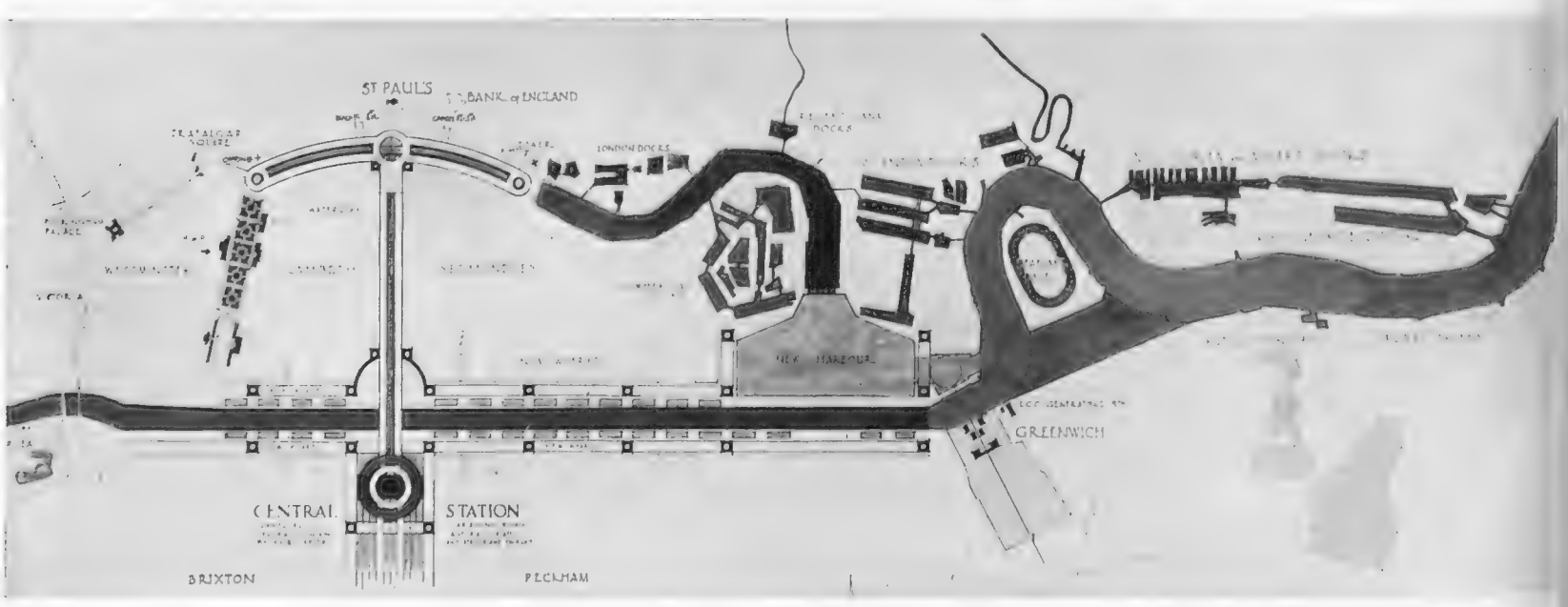
How can we overcome the traffic congestion in London? Every person using the roads, whether as pedestrian, bus driver, taxi driver, lorry driver, or those using vehicles in the hope of getting from point to point speedily, fret and fume at times at the appalling delays caused by traffic hold-ups.

London traffic problems can only be solved by bold re-planning, and the project here submitted has been planned to solve this urgent problem, and is now offered for criticism.

This scheme is based on the belief that the River Thames, winding its way through Central London, is of little importance for navigation, and is more in the nature of an obstruction than a help to any further development between North and South London.

The scheme will provide for a complete reorganization of London traffic by road, air, and water, by straightening the Thames from Greenwich to Vauxhall, and by centralizing the railways south of the new river, forming one large station and providing an air port on the flat roof. The centralized railway station would connect the City with other parts of London, St. Paul's being the axis from which would run a double-deck system of roads and railways, being sufficiently wide to be divided longitudinally in the lower deck so as to provide runs for tubes, railways, and heavy traffic, the roof forming roads for the lighter traffic.

Starting at the present embankment level, it is suggested that this main traffic artery should rise at a gradient of not more than 1 in. in 100 to a height of 80 ft. above the water line at the new river, over which it is continued to join the new central railway station at which railway passengers for long distances would change for their various destinations, while suburban trains would



MR. WALCOT'S RIVER-DIVERSION SCHEME SHOWN IN PLAN: It is proposed to alter the famous bend in the course of the Thames to the sea (it would not be the first time that the Thames had altered its bed in dramatic fashion!). The plan shows how the flow of the river would proceed unimpeded by its present loops by way of a new straight cut from Vauxhall to Greenwich

LONDON by a DIVERSION of the THAMES

WILLIAM WALCOT'S STIMULATING SCHEME FOR THE RE-PLANNING OF CENTRAL LONDON: This illustration is reproduced from a 8-ft. drawing which has cutting through South London and partially following the line of the existing Grand Surrey Canal. Cutting across the picture from left to right is the big traffic way connecting distributing area extending from Westminster to the Tower

continue on to the terminus near St. Paul's. From St. Paul's a system of buses would ply in both directions along the grand boulevard, laid out in what is now the bed of the Thames. This boulevard would have 200 ft. of roadway, one for eastbound traffic and the other for westbound traffic, divided by gardens and footways for pedestrians, with provision below for seven vaulted galleries, 10,000 ft. each in length, for storage and food markets. This boulevard, being $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, together with the railway terminus at London Bridge, would have an effective distributing area of about 5 sq. miles in the heart of London.

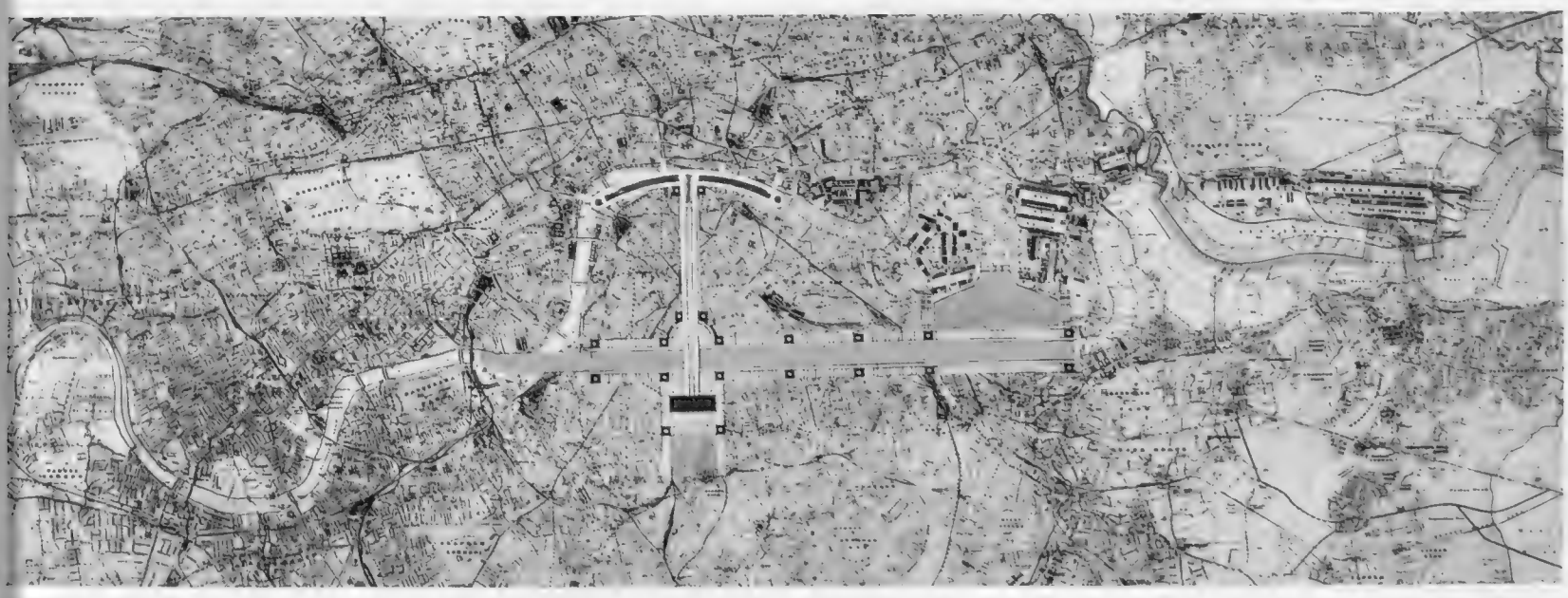
The existing docks below the Tower remain, but a new Port of London is created opposite Greenwich, large enough for the biggest liners to berth. The new waterway, being straight, would minimize the flooding danger, which causes so much anxiety at the present time, and would allow the larger boats to serve directly the new factories which would grow along the water side.

The new boulevard with its great possibilities, running through the heart of the city, offers endless opportunities for the centralization of electrical power.

The slum and small house area on the Surrey side would automatically be swept away, as this vast wilderness would then make room for important buildings which would line the boulevard joining up with the County Hall.

The new line of river could be easily tunnelled and would leave the waterway clear of bridge interruptions.

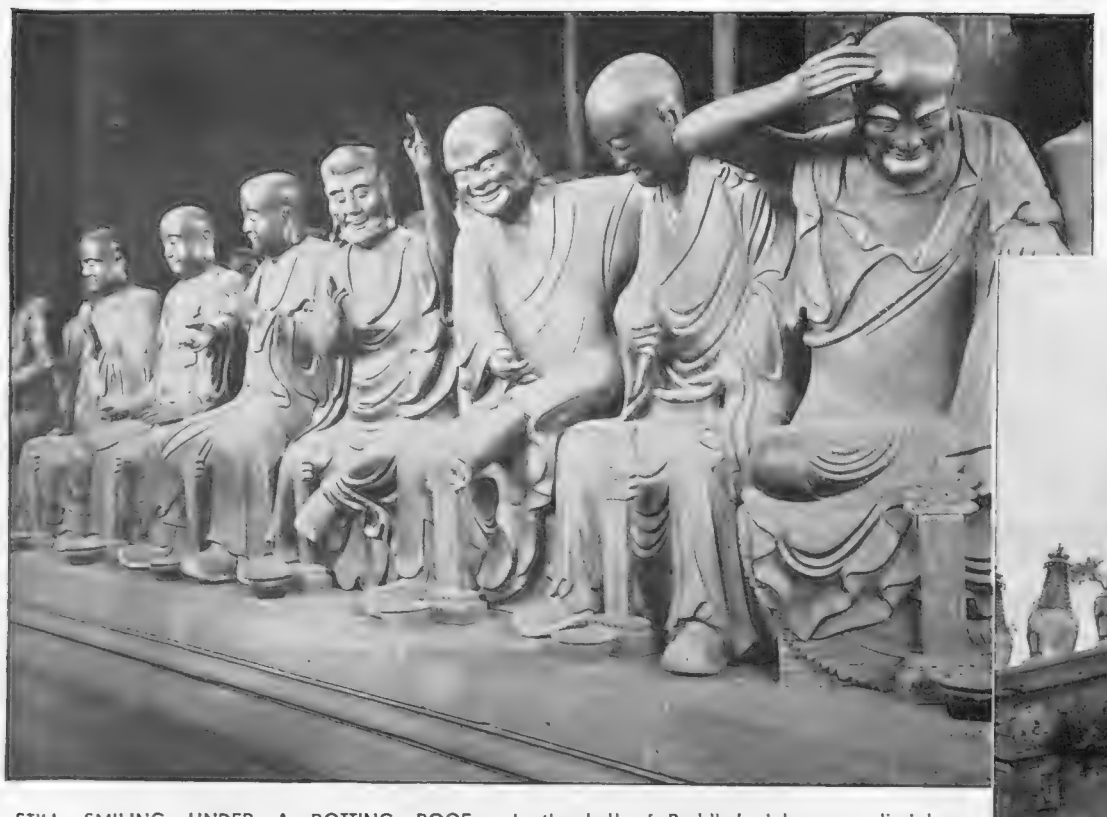
Mr. Walcot wishes to express his indebtedness and gratitude to Mr. David Longden, the writer of these notes, for the moral support and facilities which he has given him in connection with the studies and execution of the drawings.



MR. WALCOT'S SCHEME IN RELATION TO GREATER LONDON: The suggested radical alterations would not disturb the vast areas to the north, west, and east of the present course of the Thames. The northern railway stations would continue to function as hitherto. Mr. Walcot seeks to unravel the traffic tangles in the heart of London without affecting any historic building in so doing

JEHOL: Thro Pala

With Dr. SVEN HEDIN



STILL SMILING UNDER A ROTTING ROOF: In the hall of Buddha's lohans or disciples there still sit these smiling saints in gestures of extraordinary realism. Some of them are serious, others in ironic mood. One hails you across the centuries

In a recent issue of "The Sphere" (October 29) we were enabled to give some first pictures of a very little visited wonder spot of the East, Jehol. This marvellous summer resort of two of the greatest of the Manchu Emperors of China, was recently visited by Dr. Sven Hedin, the well-known Swedish explorer, and the results of his visit have just been published in an illustrated volume entitled, *Jehol, City of Emperors*. By the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Kegan Paul, we are enabled to give here a selection from the remarkable illustrations which figure in the volume. They, and Dr. Sven Hedin's text, convey a vision of decaying splendour, calculated to stimulate every traveller who is bent on seeing the really worth while. In fact, the new rulers of Manchukuo have here a lure of the highest order for the intelligent tourist. Dr. Sven Hedin journeyed over the 114 miles which separate Jehol from Pekin, on one of the roughest roads, he says, which he has ever traversed. Part o this rock-cut road was shown in our issue of October 29. When the Emperor

WITH FIVE CHORTENS ON THE ROOF: This building had once sheltered C some of the 800 lamas in the time of Chien-lung

A GLIMPSE OF THE FAMOUS GOLDEN PAVILION: A corner of the famous building is seen on the right; the surrounding galleries have here been torn away. Over the top of the wall appears one of the two last roof pagodas

THE ELEPHANTS OF HSIN-KUNG TEMPLE ROOF: This, the most rich GA decorated of all the roofs of Jehol, bears eight golden sea-elephants wit upraised trunks like awe-inspiring spirits of the air

...gh the Echoing Temples and ...es of the Manchu Emperors

...red GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE POTALA: Two superbly carved elephants keep guard in the little courtyard beneath shady trees

All pictures by courtesy of Messrs. Kegan Paul

...rich GALLERIES ROUND THE GOLDEN PAVILION: This most famous of temples in the Eastern world is falling to decay. An exact replica of it has been made and is now in Chicago

THE ROUND TOWER AND INWARD LEANING WALLS OF THE POTALA AT JEHOL: The massive walls of the great heaven-soaring facade of the gigantic temple-monastery all slope inwards. Small trees and bushes are breaking the structure

Chienlung journeyed to Jehol the road was kept in perfect condition by an army of road attendants—not a human foot was allowed to tread upon its surface until the great builder of Jehol had passed by.

The string of palace buildings and temples occupies a curve of rising ground above the Lion Valley, through part of which flows the river Jeho, which on its southward course flows by the modern town of Jehol. Separating the town from the wonder buildings of Chienlung is the now deserted park of the Imperial Summer Palace, through the glades of which deer wander undisturbed.

Dr. Hedin's chief objective was the Potala, a great mass of temple buildings built in 1767 in conscious imitation of the Potala at Lhassa. "Even at the first glance," says Dr. Sven Hedin, "the Potala impressed us as being vast and imposing to a degree. Certainly its splendour was tarnished, the numerous

(Continued on p. 26)

STILL GLOWING WITH GOLD: Inside the Temple of Ili-miao, one of the Jehol group, there still glitters a gigantic figure of the god Tara, rising from the chalice of a lotus flower

WHERE OFFICIALS LIVE in Duala in the one-time Cameroons—now French Gaboon—the area whence the *revenant* who speaks to Mr. Graves in this article emerged for his welcome leave

A MESSAGE *from* THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE

The Reactions of a Man Home on Leave from the West Coast of Africa

By CHARLES GRAVES

Aletto, the restaurant manager of the Ritz, spotted him at once, although he had not seen him for two years. That is the art of the super *maître d'hôtel* to recognize his best clients though they come but seldom and with big gaps between their visits. Yes, Aletto remembered his name instantly and said that he was delighted to see him once more. The "Coaster" was home again.

Followed a long and solemn conference about the caviare, the *mousse* of sole, the pheasant, the fresh raspberries, and another when the *sommelier* had duly appeared, about the hock and the burgundy. This done, the Coaster looked luxuriously round the restaurant. It was his first night back in London from the White Man's Grave. For months in the green, steamy, sweating, monotonous, deadly heat of French Gaboon he had looked forward to this moment. Though he would not have admitted it, he had been scared to death that something might interfere to prevent it—any of the diseases rampant on the Coast, a bite, a sting, an extra stretch of duty. That last had happened, and he was already six months late for his leave.

Next day he strolled into my house as casually as if our last dinner together had been the previous week. Nor had either of us written to the other in the interval. "Tell me about it," I suggested. "You know, the White Man's Grave and Hell's Playground and White Cargo and all that kind of thing."

"Oh," he said, "there's not much to tell. I've only had two goes of malaria since I saw you. But it is nice to be back even though I'm not allowed champagne."

Goodness, it was hard work extracting what I wanted out of him. But this is some of what I learnt. His headquarters are at Duala in the French Cameroons, where Amy Johnson landed on her way out to the Cape. It was only six weeks ago, and if she were not at St. Moritz it would have been amusing to re-introduce them in London. The last time they met, Amy Johnson was grimy and worn out, and she nearly crashed in her take-off a few jumps ahead of the tornado which was blowing up. The Coaster was sweating in his white drill. He gave her a cup of tea. She needed that and petrol and nothing else.

"That girl has certainly got guts," said the Coaster reminiscently, and then he started. "I don't know if you ever read *Hell's Playground*," he began. "But it was a book first published in 1912 and written by an American woman. After *White Cargo* was produced in America she sued the author for stealing the whole plot from her book, and won the case over there, though she failed to win it in England. Anyway, both are about the same stretch of country—French Gaboon. My area out there covers Dakar, French Gaboon, the French Cameroons, Spanish Guinea, Fernando, down to Port Gentil on the edge of the Belgian Congo.

"'The White Man's Grave' was a label that used to be attached to Sierra Leone and Gambia. To-day it means French Gaboon. In Duala, for example, there are about five hundred whites. There used to be a thousand of us. But we dwindle a bit. Most of us are French, though there are twenty or thirty Englishmen, a number of Greeks, a Dutch couple, a Swiss, and an occasional Italian or Spaniard. Our death rate is between 1 and 2 per cent. a year. That does not seem much until you realize that none of us has any right to die, being nearly all between twenty and fifty years of age. There are very few white women, only a few children, and two or three veterans over sixty. So when, out of a round five hundred people, you have an average of eight or nine funerals a year, it becomes a little more noticeable.

"What do we die of? Well, there's dengue fever and black water and dysentery and sleeping sickness and yellow fever for a start. (There is no reason why a white man should get plague if he is careful, or why he should die of malaria.) We all get malaria at least once, and usually twice, a year. And then there are irritating things like kraw kraw, which clears up after two months in England, and filaria caused by a parasite which can only be caught when it crosses your eyeball. But the French Cameroons is full of all kinds of worms, hookworm, threadworm, and tapeworm in particular. None of us Coasters gets dysentery. The people who get that are tourists or seamen off ships. We are acclimatized. There are also ordinary diseases like pneumonia, and there is also a certain amount of typhoid. But it is not surprising, really, that the French administrative officials out there get a whole year's leave after every two years' 'tour.' A 'tour' is the Coast word for a term of duty, and does not necessarily mean that you travel anywhere."

He lighted a cigarette, poured himself a whisky and soda. "It sounds a pretty gloomy picture," he went on, "but it is not really as bad as that. You can do anything with statistics, can't you? The truth is that the sensible man works hard all the time at his job, and if he lives wisely is pretty certain not to be out of luck. Personally, I have no relaxation at all. I'm on the job all the time. One's whole life is tied up with it—after hours, too. Often one does one's best business at one in the morning. Life would be almost unendurable otherwise. Time would pass so slowly. As it is, no one is really normal after six months out there. I do not mean that he is abnormal. But he does not and can not behave as he would at home. If you are stuck in one place people get on your nerves. In my opinion no man should live with another out there. In some places they are compelled to do so, with the result that they have huge reading desks erected by a native carpenter on either side of the table. This enables them not only not to talk to each other, but also not even to see each other at meals. And you should hear the dangerous calm with which the one who is doing the house books for the month asks the other what he would like ordered for dinner; and the bitter politeness of the suggestions, and the tender satisfaction with which the first man replies, 'Sorry, but I cannot get any of them.' After six months one is liable to blow up at any minute about things that don't matter.

"What do we eat? Well, the French buy the most extraordinary things in tins—tinned lobster, tinned caviare, even tinned oysters. We can get beef, mutton, pork (though I never touch it), French beans, as well as tropical fruits like pawpaws and mangoes. You enjoy pawpaws enormously at first, but soon you cannot look them in the face. Then you get wonderful oranges, though they always remain green, pineapples, bananas, guavas, and grape fruit. On Christmas Day you eat tinned plum pudding and local turkeys.

"What is a normal day? Well, you are called at 5.30 a.m. with early tea, and after half-an-hour's strenuous exercises followed by a cold shower, you arrive at your office at 6.30 a.m. After an hour and a half in the office you return for a breakfast of eggs and tinned bacon (if you like it). At nine o'clock you return to the office. By now the temperature is about 85 deg. in the shade. By midday it will have risen to 100 deg. This does not sound very high. But after three hours at the office you are drenched to the skin, even though you are clad only in white drill trousers and a tennis shirt. For at Duala it rains for nine months in the year and then you have the rains. It rains a little, or a lot, every day for those nine months. In the rains—well not long ago it rained nine inches in three hours, and that is what makes the heat so devilish—120 deg. in the shade is nothing if the heat is dry. But when it is moist, as in the French Cameroons—no wonder they talk of the White Man's Grave.

"At twelve o'clock you go back to your bungalow for luncheon and a clean shirt and a shower bath and a half-hour nap before returning to the office, where you work from 2 p.m. to 5 p.m. That is the official end to your working day, and after you have gone back and changed again you will probably play a game or two of lawn tennis. Dinner parties are very seldom given on the Coast. The hospitality is usually in the form of drinks before dinner, which may start at seven and go on until nine or ten at night to an accompaniment of 'small chop,' which is pidgin English for hors d'œuvres. Personally I keep away from the social side at Duala. It is rather like University life. Once you get in a gang you can never get away from them. You have no 'oak' to sport. If you lock your door they will probably climb in through the roof. There is not so much hard drinking as there used to be. But even now people get drunk very often on whisky or gin or *amer piquant*, and it is not marked up against you socially at all. At Christmas and at the New Year nearly everyone has too much to drink.

"Some of the fellows are silly enough as to play practical jokes. One of them ended in a death a few weeks ago. Two Frenchmen pretended to burgle another Coaster's house. They did it, and then came back to see the fun when the victim discovered it. All he did was to load his gun and shoot one of them dead.

"Although there are a few Coasters whose wives are out there with them, there is not much 'woman palaver,' which is the same as 'mammy palaver' except that the woman is a white instead of a local girl. Many of the Frenchmen have their black mistress and nobody thinks anything of it. Over at Libreville there is quite a little town of cast-off black mistresses.

"At Duala we have seven or eight English beachcombers. There is nothing you can do for them. They live on native food and wear tattered white drill. It is no good trying to help them, and if they see you they always want something. Mostly they are men who have gone into business on their own and then have gone bankrupt. They live with native women on their own scrubby little plantations of coffee and bananas. Sometimes somebody stakes them to a second-hand lorry and they do a little haulage work. But they are too poor to get back to England and they are so sodden with drink that there is nothing to be done about them.

"Hysterics are quite common on the coast. You start out on your tour full of the milk of human kindness. By the end of it you feel bad-tempered towards almost everybody, until you know for certain the date of your next leave. As this approaches you become a perfectly different person. Everybody seems different too. It is quite extraordinary. You start to think of the unmistakable smell of London which you get just after passing Wimbledon on the way up from Southampton. You feel pleasurably scared in advance of the traffic. You think of the red omnibuses, and the pretty women, and the new suits you are going to order, and the food you are going to eat, and the wines you are going to drink. You think of Paris and the screaming taxis and—" the Coaster broke off awkwardly.

"But you really can't imagine it. It is like thinking about going home towards the end of your first term at your preparatory school, only much more so. You sweat and swear and yet are so pleased with life that anyone can tell that your leave is nearly due. And the last evening! My bar bill was eleven hundred francs the other day, and we were only drinking for three hours."

THE CLUB HOUSE at Duala, the centre of the communal life and the limited gaiety of the colony

AMPHITHEATRICAL

GRACE — HUMAN AND EQUINE: Lulu and Harry at Belle Vue Circus, Manchester. *On right* —THE GENIUS OF THE SAWDUST RING; Mr. Bertram Mills who gives London a breath of eternal youth every Christmas season with his Olympian production

Char.es E. Brown

PERFORMING TO POTENTIAL DINNERS: Kaden's lions in the Olympia ring transformed rapidly for the turn into a gigantic netted cage. *Above* is the combined Sobolewski-Ivanoff jockey act, in which seven performers tear round the ring on two horses

Charles E. Brown

AWAITING THE CALL: The Resua Sisters awaiting their entry into the ring to show their whirlwind pace on roller-skates—one of the most exhilarating turns in the annual feast of thrills gathered together at Olympia by Mr. Bertram Mills

THE RESUA SISTERS IN ACTION: One of the great thrills on roller-skates, displayed by the team of four talented exponents of the art

"FREIHEIT!"

A Spate of German Patriotic Films

THE PATRIOT AND THE KING: Herr Werner Krauss (right) as the old patriot, Yorck, and Herr Rudolf Forster as the weak King of Prussia—Friedrich Wilhelm III—in a tense scene in the patriotic drama recently produced at the Ufa Studios

THE PIOUS KING: Herr Rudolf Forster as King Fritz Wilhelm III of Prussia, whose saintly character was a liability to his country, as he appears in the Napoleonic film, *Yorck*

"THE LAST COMPANY": Herr Conrad Veidt, perhaps the most distinguished of all German actors on the speaking screen, addresses the remnants of his company in yet another flag-wagging film of German patriotism

"BARBARINA": Fräulein Lil Dagover, in the title-rôle of the Frederick the Great film, tries to play the flute of her royal admirer

LOVERS: Fräulein Lil Dagover and Herr Hans Stuewe as La Barbarina, the Italian dancer at the Court of Frederick the Great, and Baron von Cocceji, her lover and ultimately her husband, in *Barbarina*

The most important recent film of national character of the many of that type produced in Germany of late (writes a correspondent) is *General Yorck*. It is a rousing study of a fine old patriot who, at the time of the Napoleonic domination of Europe, dared to stand out for Prussian independence. In watching this finely directed and superbly photographed film, a sensitive man's heart goes out to the sturdy old man who defied France and his own weak king in a brave and dramatic gesture of patriotism. That means to say that every German heart goes out to him; for I have yet to meet the German who can keep the tears from his eyes at the slightest bit of flag-wagging. In that respect, the German is very much akin to the Englishman, and both to the Frenchman, and all three to the rest of the world. The part of General Yorck is taken by that splendid actor, Werner Krauss; and it is hard to resist a cheer when, at the end of the film, he lifts his arm to the assembled multitude at Konigsberg and shouts: *Fretheit!* Whether that shout is being overdone or not is another matter. It has, I imagine, been overdone since the beginning of time. But when you are in such material circumstances as the average German, there is a certain consolation in the shout. It encourages one in the belief that one's wrongs are of an epic character, not attributable to any fault in one's self. Thus a time like the present creates two extremes, the Communist and the Nationalist, both of whom, like General Yorck, puff out their cheeks and cry *Freiheit!*

A FILM REVOLUTION

How Actors and Background are Separately Photographed

THE INVISIBLE BACKGROUND: A scene of a ship in mid-ocean is being filmed in the studio. The backgrounds—a sea- and sky-scape—previously taken, have undergone chemical treatment and colouring. A large blue wall forms the studio background. Yellow light is thrown on to the screen and blue (photographing white) on to the background. *On left* is one of the great arcs with a blue filter

THE THREE PHASES OF THE DUNNING METHOD: At the top is the street scene photographed direct; in the centre is the studio scene of the actors; below is the blended result after the two takings have been synchronized on to one positive

SAVING MONEY: *On left* the actor is seen being photographed in the studio; *on right* the scene as shown on the screen. Only the camera man need be sent to get the backgrounds. *Below* is the camera with two films running simultaneously—the background already recorded and the as yet blank celluloid for the scenes being "shot" against it

All those who saw the Greta Garbo film, *Anna Christie*, will remember the scene with New York Harbour in the background. These scenes were all true to nature although Greta Garbo was in Hollywood at the time. For this film a new marvel in the technique of the sound film was employed for the first time: the Dunning Method. This method does not necessitate the presence of the actors when the background is taken, and they can consequently be made at any time and at the place required for the picture. The scene itself is enacted in the studio at a later date in the customary way and thus the expense of big buildings and elaborate sets is saved. Life and movement in fore- and background are in no way restricted

PANTO

"PRISCILLA THE GOOSE": Mr. George Queen as the feathered friend and Miss Cora Goffin as the Principal Boy in the *Mother Goose* pantomime presented by Francis Laidler at Daly's—the first panto to be produced at that theatre for some years

Pantomime is a serious business nowadays. It is true that London pantomimes do not run until Easter, as they did at Drury Lane in the days of Arthur Collins. It is true, too, that the *established* pantomime players, such as Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell and Harry Randall (who died only a few months ago) have been replaced by people who at other periods of the year shine in anything from Shakespeare to musical-comedy.

But the preparation for pantomime is, on the whole, less haphazard. It is not tolerated with a sort of kindly contempt as something that will do for the kiddies but cannot last much longer, anyway.

This form of entertainment has never had its feet so firmly fixed in the London theatre, and will last, I think, until the smallest member of one of Mr. Julian Wylie's troupes of infantile squeakers is a great-grandmother.

And a good thing, too!

A GREAT COMEDIAN IN PANTOMIME: Mr. Leslie Henson as the apprentice at the Hippodrome

It is Mr. Wylie who is now our prime minister of pantomime.

It matters not that he sometimes takes his pantomimes from one part of the country to another, and that what you see in London this year you may see in Glasgow or Liverpool next year or vice-versa. The important point is that Wylie pantomimes are enormously efficient.

Efficient is certainly the word for *Dick Whittington* at the London Hippodrome. The mixture is so well blended. If the children may have been puzzled at Mr. Leslie Henson's reference to Stravinsky, they had that ballet of toyland and heaps of other even simpler delights to please them.

Above all, they had a cat, and a brilliant cat, too, in the person of Mr. Johnny Fuller.

I am disgruntled enough to be only slightly less bored by sham animals on the stage than I am by real animals, and the moment I see a cat appear in *Dick Whittington* I know that we are in for a prolonged bout of meowing and tail waving and milk lapping and paw licking. But the children obviously loved Mr. Cat-Fuller, particularly in the shop scene, when he and Mr. Tom D. Newell, a first-rate "dame," worked up the fun splendidly.

It was amusing, too, to see Mr. Newell bath Mr. Leslie Henson with real water, an episode which was appreciated by all except the dancers, who five minutes later had to slip about on a wet stage. When one of these actually did come to grief, my neighbour, aged about six, had the laugh of his life.

As Vi Loraine used to sing, "a poor girl's got to be so careful."

Mr. Henson and Miss Fay Compton are, of course, in pantomime rather than of it. The former showed that he can adopt a broad style, and he was vastly amusing; but I wished at times that it could have been possible for him to borrow Mr. George Jackley's voice.

Miss Compton was pretty and charming, and played Dick quite sincerely; Heaven knows what strength of will she must possess to be able to refrain from putting her tongue in her cheek even for an instant, for tucked away here is a devilish sense of humour. One attempt at the "dashing" would probably have upset the apple-cart.

I did not care for the songs which had been given her, and a turgid piece of pseudo-philosophy, entitled "The Bend of the Road," linked to a worm-like tune, seemed about as far away from the pantomime spirit as it is possible to be.

But everyone soon cheered up, and there were fireworks and ballets and a drop-curtain with real chorus girls stuck on it, and a self-effacing principal girl, and a finale borrowed from *Die Meistersingers* in all except the music. This is the pantomime of the year.

THE MAGIC WOOD: An effective scene in the spectacular the couch is the Sleeping Beauty (Miss Sally Stewart) Hippodrome. Miss Fay Compton plays the title-rôle Mr. Johnny Fuller (The Cat), a close-up of whom cha

The Lyceum pantomime, *The Sleeping Beauty* seemed, the afternoon I saw it, to be a little below its usual form. Probably all is well now, and it is no longer possible to watch it from lunch to dinner.

But some more humour will have to be instilled. Messrs. Naughton and Gold are an irrepressible pair of drolls, and they made me laugh, as they never fail to do. But they had not been allotted a single scene as funny as those in last year's pantomime, and I missed their fine team-work with Mr. Jackley, who is no longer at the Lyceum. Mr. Archie Glen, his successor, I found on the sombre side; he has at any rate the virtue of not over-doing things.

Mr. Dick Tubb is an uncommonly tall "dame," but unless he has by this time got the hang of the house, his performance will suffer through not being correspondingly broad.

Miss Sally Stewart, in the title-rôle, is very

The Christmas Holiday Shows at the Hippodrome, The Lyceum, and Daly's are Visited by PHILIP PAGE

young and quite pretty. In other respects, however, her aptitude for stage work is not as yet apparent. Principal girls in pantomime have, like fairy-queens, the misfortune usually to be given colourless parts. But there is no reason why in this respect Nature should be allowed to assist the management.

Miss Kitty Reidy, however, is full of vim and dash, can show a nice leg and slap a shapely thigh, and can sing a pleasant song about nothing at all in the good old style.

Almost the best thing about the Lyceum pantomime is the ballet. It goes on for a long time, but not for too long. Except for the technical excellence of most of the principal dancers, it would be likely to give the intelligentsia of the Camargo Society a bad attack of tooth-ache.

Yet it is undoubtedly good of its kind, and I found myself admiring it if only because of the ingenuity with which a stage has been crammed with twirling, running, hopping women, who twirl and run and hop in apparent confusion without ever bumping into one another.

Miss Iris Rowe is a fine *première danseuse*.

lar Lyceum pantomime. In the centre on bove is a scene from *Dick Whittington* at the r. Tom D. Newell (Martha the Cook), and haracter is seen in the circle *inset on right*

But the daring throws and clutches of a lightly-clad couple excelling in what I am tempted to call the Smithfield Meat Market school of dancing evoked the loudest applause.

I will not be ungallant enough to say how long it is since I first saw Miss Ella Retford as a principal boy in pantomime. Since that lets the cat almost out of the bag, let me hasten to add that I have rarely seen so sprightly, so slim, so vivacious, and so youthful a Robinson Crusoe as she was in the pantomime of that name at the Scala Theatre.

When Miss Retford has a song to "put over," she gets hold of it and, without actually telling the audience that they must like it, sees that they do. Experience is a wonderful thing, and with the theatrical profession half-swamped by those whom it would be flattery to call amateurs, I enjoyed seeing a performance like this.

Besides, this is a jolly little show. The comedians, whose names are new to me, are first-rate, in particular Mr. Len Teel, who, as a pirate king is as lovable as Smee, and fifty times as funny. The Lancashire accent is well to the fore, trebly distilled in the person of Miss May Royal who is the only woman I have seen, with the exception of Miss Nellie Wallace, who can be funny on the broadest possible lines. She has a sense of "timing" which many West-End comics, male and female, should take a journey to the Tottenham Court Road district in order to study.

Miss Betty Huntley-Wright, the principal girl, carries on the traditions of an honoured theatrical name; she can sing, dance, and act—all three quite nicely.

Mother Goose has been widely described as "Daly's first pantomime." It isn't, but we can let that pass.

What is more important is that it is a cheery pantomime, with an outstanding performance by Mr. George Lacey. Why Mr. Lacey should be hailed in some quarters as a discovery, I do not know; he has been a comedian of infinite resource for years, though not, perhaps, in the immediate neighbourhood of Daly's Theatre. He has a sense of subtlety and a sense of character; yet he never forgets that a pantomime is a pantomime and not a musical comedy or a revue.

Miss Cora Goffin is a principal boy of the feminine and appealing rather than the tomboyish or dashing variety. She does not thigh-slap; but she gets there just the same.

The chorus at Daly's, by the way, are beauteous enough to have been approved of by the late George Edwardes, though that great impresario would have opened his eyes pretty wide had he seen the ladies of Daly's whisked off the stage into the air on the end of a wire, instead of whisked off to an expensive supper. *Autres temps, autres mœurs.*

PRINCE AND PRINCESS: Miss Kitty Reidy as principal boy (Prince Hal) and Miss Sally Stewart in the title-rôle of *The Sleeping Beauty* at the Lyceum

There is no pantomime at Westminster, unless one can count that in the House of Commons, the run of which is temporarily suspended.

But there is a children's play at the Westminster Theatre, *Alice and Thomas and Jane*, which has many possibilities. Its chief fault at the first performance was that the three children in question, possibly taking their cue from so political a neighbourhood, talked and talked and talked.

One of them, Miss Cynthia Brown, is an attractive child and talked well; but even so there was too much cackle. The story is without fairies or any of the conventions of Christmas entertainment; yet with suitable revision it should become a hardy annual.

BOOKS: "Little Innocents" Reveal their Varied First Memories and Mr. Charles Graves Turns the Searchlight of his Enthusiastic Attention upon Britain's "Panorama"

By CECIL ROBERTS

FATHER AND DAUGHTER: The late Marquess Curzon of whose paternal characteristics Lady Ravensdale *(inset)* writes revealingly in *Little Innocents* reviewed on this page

It was a bright idea to compile a symposium of first memories, and *Little Innocents* (Cobden Sanderson. 6s.) makes most delightful reading.

There are some thirty contributors to this book. I wish so many of them were not so aristocratic, for the result is that many of these reminiscences are of butlers' and footmen's legs amid those of the nursery table. Mr. Raymond Mortimer, aware of this, makes a delightful parody of his fellow contributors—"I could go on to describe sitting on a lady's knee, while she read to me a story her father had written called *The Rose and the Ring*, and Sir Frederick Poynter giving me my first box of water-colours, and how I hid under the piano to hear Ysaye play, and rebuked Archbishop Benson when he came to luncheon. . . ."

There is much of this kind of thing in this book, too much, but it is not the fault of the contributors. Nearly all of them seem to have had parents with ten thousand a year, and butlers with beautiful manners. It is a pity that D. H. Lawrence was not alive to contribute some early memories! They would doubtless have been of the nature of an erotic obsession with the communal pump in the collier's yard, but he would have made the story exciting and significant.

There are no poor children in this book. Most of them are quite delightful. Perhaps the first contribution is the best, that of Dame Ethel Smyth, who tells a preposterous story of a little girl and a dog, and tells it with considerable effect. Lord Berners' contribution on Mr. Pratt might have been spared us. It is in bad taste and malicious, and a little fellow-feeling might have restrained the writer. The companion portrait of Mrs. Lafontaine and Miss Goby, the two old ladies who carried with them the glamour of foreign travel, is charmingly written.

One fact emerges clearly from these early memories, the cruelty of governesses of the Victorian era. They appear to have pinched and bullied the unfortunate children committed to their care. German, French, or English, they seem to have had sadistic tendencies, and a false loyalty prevented the unhappy child-victims from exposing their cruelties. I suppose the kind Nanas of our childhood are taken for granted, and only those with ferocious qualities stand out in the dimming memory of the past.

My own earliest memory is of a very wicked Nana, whom I never beheld, but who loomed large and terrible on my first consciousness. She had robbed me of a brother and sister, whose infant graves filled me with morbid speculation. She had taken them out of the perambulator on a wet winter's day and allowed them to sit on the grass, with the result that, three days later, they died of pneumonia. There is still something of terror for me in that first warning, "Don't sit on the grass." The family tragedy so impressed me that to this day, in the very heat of summer, I obey that early injunction.

Lady Ravensdale probably does not wish to convey the impression, but Lord Curzon must have been a rather terrifying father. Her memories go back to his Vice-royalty, the Delhi Durbar, and the State Ball. "He concentrated on improving the minds of his two elder daughters by means unique to himself, which left indelible traces on their minds. A third daughter, nine years younger, for a time escaped the inquisition." Lord Curzon's method was unique. The events of history were narrated by him in the superlative English that he affected, and it was the duty of the children to identify the incidents so magnificently described. Others, besides the children, were expected to compete in these intellectual hurdle races across all the countries of Europe and the great episodes of history. "Even the local clergyman was dragged in on his occasional visits, his face becoming purple and his veins swelling in his neck when my father asked him on what grounds he assumed Elijah was seen ascending to Heaven in a chariot of fire."

Lady Ravensdale reveals unthought-of aspects of the noble lord. He would spend Saturday to Monday hanging pictures "on the assumption that no picture-hanger ever hung pictures straight or accurately." He would go on dusting expeditions with attendant satellites bearing brilliant emerald and vermilion-coloured feather brushes. And he had a mania for discovering grubby fingermarks on door panels, and his daughters were sent chasing to the kitchen for bread pellets.

This aspect of the great man is quite in keeping with the story of the Lord Curzon who was late for a Cabinet meeting because he had been to Harrods to buy fish and had had to stand in one of those War-time queues. I cannot resist from quoting at length the penultimate paragraph of Lady Ravensdale's delightful contribution.

"He went from personally selecting governesses to himself choosing a dog for his youngest child after years of supplication on her part. An advertisement in *The Times* thronged the hall at Carlton House Terrace with a variety of canine species, from pedigree to mongrel, the owners sometimes exceeding their animals in incredible appearance. Sitting in his study, he questioned each owner as to the reliability of the dog's habits on carpets and chairs. No aspirant to the new home had ever sinned before. But one contestant let his species down by lifting his leg on the distinguished Foreign Office bag at my father's feet. The test was too strong for succeeding dogs; they all failed miserably till a drab brown Pomeranian, with breeding of no importance, too browbeaten and cringing to attempt such *lèse majesté* was purchased, through the fact that it had withstood the outpourings of fifteen other dogs on this invaluable Foreign Office 'Tester'."

One wonders how much of the relentlessness of Lord Curzon's character could be ascribed to his own wretched childhood when he was dragooned by a cruel governess.

Princess Elizabeth Bibesco's memories revolve around a magnificent butler in a magnificent house. "He had the unerring nostrils of English servants for a lady or a gentleman." He also had a passion for handsome if inefficient footmen, "mother on the other hand preferred them to be quick-witted and obliging." True to type he died of drink. But Princess Bibesco falls into Mr. Mortimer's parody—"In the winter we went to Oakham or Manton to hunt. My beautiful white pony, Pansy (given me by my uncle Ribblesdale), could be driven or ridden—I was sometimes allowed to drive her alone—and there were two carriage horses, Butcher and Baker, and the four hunters. . . ." There is something sad about the reminiscences of these poor little rich girls. Did they never long to go out and roll in the mud?

Mr. Betjeman contributes a memory of his public school, a typical episode of the barbarity which is considered essential to a young English gentleman's education. Miss Nina Hamnett appears to have been an *enfant terrible*, and Mr. Squire recalls wistfully a little playfellow who died young. "In my bed at night I tried to call her back. Now I am uncertain of her name. But she had an eager, candid, freckled little face, and she went without any sort of fulfilment."

This symposium has given me several hours of absorbing reading. Its flavour is almost wholly Victorian, but otherwise we should have missed Mr. C. B. Cochran's memories of the Devil, in the form of the Vicar and Mr. Gladstone, for "nurses do not now frighten young children with tales of a Devil, who is openly scoffed at in the newspapers, or a Hell, which has been airily wiped away by a new generation of Deans."

As readers of THE SPHERE well know, Mr. Charles Graves has an insatiable curiosity. Most of us walk about with our eyes closed. The other day I took an unfamiliar turn and walked through a City churchyard. To my utter astonishment I came across the tomb of a man who had saved Charles II when in flight from Worcester. The frightful manner in which we are taught history in school had caused me to be quite unconscious of the fact that Charles II was ever in flight, and I began to challenge the memorial inscription. I had always thought of the flight from Worcester, and the hiding in the oak tree at Boscobel, in association with Charles I, and suddenly I had stumbled upon the tomb of the man who had saved Charles II on that historic occasion.

Now Mr. Graves could have told me all about it. He is the kind of man who knows where you can see Lord Nelson's telescope, or the spoon that gave the soup to Oliver Twist. He rings door-bells and asks questions, and takes nothing for granted. Here is a collection of his investigations which he calls *Panorama* (Nicholson and Watson. 6s.). His panorama stretches from Edinburgh down through the provinces to London. He is the complete guide to the High Life, the £ s. d. of Prize Fighting, the Editors of Fleet Street, the Clergyman who runs the Derby, or the obtaining of a coat of arms.

It is easy to get married, if you approach it in the right spirit of recklessness. Early resolutions at the Register Office are apt to lead to late laments in the Divorce Court. Perhaps the most worrying way, and expensive, in which to get married is to go to St. Margaret's. It is not necessary to be a member of the House of Commons, as so many imagine, but if you want wedding bells you must be married at 2.15 so as not to clash with other chimes.

I did not know that wedding caterers have two or three empty houses in Belgravia which are utilized for receptions, if you dislike the great hotels. One of these private houses may be hired for £50 a day, but three days will be necessary, one for installing the presents, etc., the other for the reception, the third for clearing up, a total cost of £150. "Personally, I have the greatest possible affection for St. Margaret's," says Mr. Graves. "If Rudyard Kipling's daughter had not been married there, I might never have met my wife. For she was the only bridesmaid on that occasion, and I was instructed by Mr. Beverley Baxter, then editor of the *Sunday Express*, to interview her. That was how we met. So no wonder we chose St. Margaret's also."

There are no secrets of the Circus at Olympia for Mr. Graves. He has raised the flap of every tent. It seems a good flea-man (one with a flea-pulled chariot) earns about £20 a week, but the poor thin man only gets £10 to £14. There is no risk in sword-swallowing, for which remuneration is low; a well-bearded lady gets £15 and a second-class return fare from Paris. The weekly salary list at Olympia is £6,000. Eleven tigers cost £80 a week to feed. You see, there is nothing misses Mr. Graves. I lived my boyhood on the edge of the Dukeries, in what might be termed the D. H. Lawrence country, but in six pages on a coal miner's life Mr. Graves can tell me more than I saw in fifteen years of close contact. He kills the libel that they are an idle race, or like to be on the dole—"Make no mistake about it. All these miners want is a chance to earn their money and maintain their standard of living. Four or five years ago several of them had motor-bicycles. One bet £100 on the winner of the Gold Cup. To-day the tobacconists only stock 2d. and 6d. packets of cigarettes. There is no demand for 1s. packets."

MR. CHARLES GRAVES whose zest, usual and unusual alike, is to be enjoyed in his latest book, *Panorama*

The Welsh miner is the least popular at Ollerton, "they talk too much politics and cause too much trouble . . . nor are their houses so clean, nor their clothes so tidy." I have always maintained that the Nottinghamshire miner is one of the finest examples of his trade. He is run close by the Derbyshire man, who is accustomed to working hard seams.

All the Ollerton men are great domino players. They are also fine dancers and flower-growers. There are great characters in the trade, such as Bobbie Healey, for instance, once in the 17th Lancers, and a mounted policeman in Egypt. He is employed by the colliery—"he settles disputes between neighbours; identifies poachers; takes complaints about leaks; pacifies husbands; makes lodgers pay their rent to landladies; stops small boys running over the neighbours' lawns; starts the boxing tournaments; takes care that there is no impropriety at the dances; and, in fact, acts as the local Solomon."

Mr. Graves' *Panorama* is a splendid entertainment for 6s. It is pocket-size and worldly wise.

A LAST LOOK ROUND IN TOWN

THE ART OF A. EGERTON COOPER: Three of the outstanding canvases at this distinguished artist's one-man show at the Leger Galleries, Old Bond Street, an exhibition in which his great talent is seen at its versatile best. All these 1932 pictures show a remarkable sense of action and atmosphere. *From left to right*—"There It Goes," "Anne Todd in the 'Water Gipsies'" (A. P. Herbert's classic), and "The Sketcher on the Cliff"

FOR SWEET CHARITY: Miss Mary Martyn, Miss Enid Capes, Lady Gunter, and (wearing the collar of St. Anne) Dr. Perott, physician to the late Czar of Russia, at the New Year Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the Margaret Street Preventorium Fund playing one of the "ring" games

BELGO-JAPANESE: The Belgian Ambassador with Miles Otsuka and Mizunbe, whom he invited to the Embassy to receive congratulations from Count Maeterlinck, whose *Blue Bird* is a Tokio success

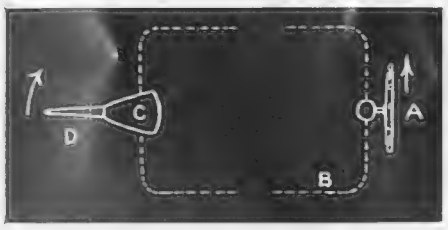
LIGHTS OF LONDON: The gigantic clock on the Shell-Mex building on the Embankment, almost a rival to Big Ben, is the latest landmark to be floodlit

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE R.A.: "The Barrel Organ," by the late Sir William Orpen, R.A., is one of the outstanding canvases at this Exhibition devoted to the pictures of recently deceased Academicians—which opens to-day (Jan. 7)

The New Helm Orders

The International Convention for the Safety of Life at Sea was ratified on October 1, and came into force on New Year's Day, and the traditional helm orders for British ships were altered automatically. The change is not the least likely to cause even a ripple on the surface of the sea's story, although the subject has been argued more bitterly than any sea topic since the iconoclastic reactionaries wanted to change the "larboard" of tradition for the unmistakable and now universal "port" many years ago.

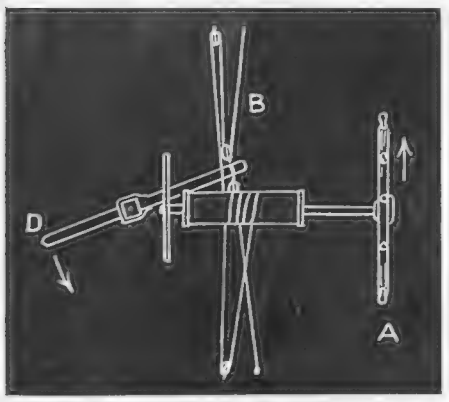
Any argument is good enough to pass the time away in forecastle, mess, or ward-room during a long voyage,



POWER WHEEL: (A) The wheel turning to port and transmitting power through the leads (B) to the steering engine (C) can move the engine in either direction with equal ease so that order, wheel, rudder (D), and ship's head can be all in the same direction

but this matter was taken much further than usual. In fact, principally by landsmen only connected with the sea and veterans long retired from blue water, it was taken into Parliament and threatened to wreck the whole convention in which British shipping stood to gain much.

The whole trouble started, like many another, with the ex-Kaiser Wilhelm II. At the Spithead Naval Review of 1889 he was shown over the White Star liner *Teutonic*,



THE OLD SAILING SHIP'S WHEEL: (A) The wheel turning to port hauls the port chains (B) and with them the tiller (C) which turns the rudder (D) and the ship's head to starboard

commissioned as an auxiliary cruiser, and the execution of orders was explained to him. "What!" he exclaimed. "Do you mean to tell me that when you want the ship's head to go to starboard you give the order to port; most illogical! Things will be different in my ships." And in due course, by Imperial edict, they were.

The process of which he complained had been general ever since ships had been fitted with wheels instead of whipstaffs or tillers. In its simplest form—there were many—the wheel was firmly fixed to the end of a barrel, round which a chain or hide thong was wound whose ends were rove through pulleys on either side of the ship, and back to the end of a tiller fixed to the rudder. When the wheel was turned to starboard (right hand) the chain through the right hand pulley was hauled taut, dragging the tiller with it and putting the rudder—and the ship's head—to port. It was just the same order as had been given when the helmsman's predecessor had been using the tiller without the assistance of the wheel.

It was not so logical when steering wheels were improved and the tiller was placed on the after side of the stock, and moved with the rudder instead of in the opposite direction, but the orders were perfectly well understood and no harm came of it.

When the shipping nations met to decide on universal legislation for the safety of life at sea, and to end the handicap under which British and certain other shipowners laboured in competition with others whose governments were not so particular, universal helm orders were insisted upon very strongly by certain flags. Had the British delegates stood out for the indirect orders it would have wrecked the convention, which was just what was wanted by some minor Powers who cared little for the lives of their seamen, but a lot for the cheaper running made possible by freedom from expensive safety regulations.

Tradition is a very fine thing, especially with a service like the sea, but the sailor or officer who was out of work while his ship was laid up and her business given to cheaply run foreigners soon decided that it was not nearly so fine as a regular job. His conversion was completed when the agitators against the change suggested that it would lead to many accidents. He had seen the "Squareheads," "Scowegians," and "Dagoes" make the change without any unusual number of accidents, and he resented the suggestion that he was mentally incapable of doing what they did.

The Navy ordered the change to be made on New Year's Day, although in the case of H.M. ships and many big merchantmen the helmsman generally gets his orders, except in an emergency, by the compass bearing in degrees from due North, and no difficulty is expected with anybody.

The change does not necessarily mean the abolition of the traditional words "port" and "starboard." There was a suggestion that they should be changed to "left" and "right," but many sailors think that two monosyllables are too much alike to be used with safety in a gale of wind.

F. C. B.

JEHOL: Through the Echoing Temples and Palaces of the Manchu Emperors

(Continued from p. 17)

temples bore the impress of decay, and many of the pines and firs in the temple park had fallen to the axes of impious soldiers, but the grandiose architecture, the vast dimensions, and the consummate elegance still remain, and we stood amazed before that noblest of religious monuments in the last period of China's greatness."

To be more precise still, the final goal of Dr. Sven Hedin's journey was one particular building within the Potala, the Golden Pavilion, a Llama temple, which was the most sumptuous not only in Jehol, but in the whole of China. Dr. Sven Hedin says that he was seized with admiration and astonishment when this pearl of Eastern architecture gradually unfolded itself, for it was not easy at once to realize its red-pillared and golden-roofed splendours. This remarkable building lies almost completely hidden in the highest courtyard in the terraced mass of the Potala, only the summit of its gilded spire appearing over the surrounding massive wall. The galleries which once surrounded the courtyard which enshrines the Golden Pavilion have now largely disappeared, and of the five beautifully-designed roof pagodas only two remain.

In the same picture part of one of the red-pillared façades of the pavilion appears on the right, with a little flight of steps leading to a sunken paved way which surrounds the entire pavilion. Various plants are thrusting their way upwards between the cracks of the pavement. On the now bare surrounding wall of the courtyard can be plainly discerned the positions of the original gallery woodwork. The upper roof of the Golden Pavilion is supported by twelve big columns, each 36 ft. in height, rising from the interior of the temple itself. There were in all sixty columns, and the height of the building was 60 ft. Although the external surroundings show such evident marks of dilapidation, Dr. Sven Hedin found that the interior was still in a more or less well preserved condition. The altar, which stood out like a platform, was there, and above it rose a bronze gilt figure of Tsong-kha-pa, the reformer, a contemporary of Tamerlane, and a number of offering bowls and symbolic ritual objects were still in their customary positions. In front of the soaring columns, shining with dull gold, were other Llamaistic figures crowned with glittering aureoles. Everything was proportioned with a rare nobility of line and mass. The walls were covered with red and gold, while other colours glowed upon capitals and friezes. The panels of the inner roof glittered with the reddest gold.

Why this building of wondrous beauty in a courtyard surrounded by high walls? "The palace-like stone colossus," says Dr. Sven Hedin, "seemed to serve no other purpose than that of hiding the Holy of Holies from the eyes of the world, and emphasizing the mysticism of the Golden Pavilion." It was the central point of a magic city conjured up out of the Mongolian wilderness at the behest of two Manchu autocrats of the later eighteenth century. Dr. Sven Hedin sums up the situation thus: "The city by its incredible riches, its display of Imperial pomp and state, its exquisite art treasures and superb buildings, should strike awe into the hearts of the half-wild Mongolian tribe, their khans, and their kings. In former times these proud free-born princes, the descendants of Ghengis Khan, riding at the head of their countless hordes of horsemen, had conquered almost the whole of Asia and been a constant menace to the Middle Kingdom. It was worth while building, within the very boundaries of Mongolia, a city that, by its religious character and the splendour of its temple buildings, should serve to bind, with the golden chains of faith and worship, the followers of Llamaism to the Sun of Heaven and the Dragon Throne."

Dr. Sven Hedin does not only concern himself with a description of the Imperial buildings in Jehol. His subsequent chapters deal with several events in Oriental history intimately linked with Jehol. One of these is the visit of Lord Macartney, the first British Mission to the Celestial Empire. The Mission was nearly wrecked over the question of Court procedure. It had come to the knowledge of Pekin that Lord Macartney and his suite were merely bowing on official occasions. As they approached the capital it was made known to them that they must conform to the three kneelings and the nine kowtows, a procedure which would have put them on the footing of vassals of the Chinese Empire. The matter was eventually settled after Lord Macartney's distinct undertaking to carry out this procedure, by his agreeing to kneel on one knee as he did to his own monarch, King George III. Another chapter deals with the most remarkable pilgrimage in the history of the East, and possibly of the world. The Flight of the Torgot must be read in its entirety, but the following extract contains the main and very astonishing facts:

After only four years' work the monastery temple of the Potala was finished in 1771. Scarcely a month before, the Torgot, or Kalmuks as they were called in Russia, had returned to China. In the record tablets, as we have already seen, the Emperor mentioned this historic event as one of the three joyous happenings that were to be commemorated by the building of the Potala.

It is evident that the Emperor attached great importance to this event which, the Jesuits assure us, he reckoned among the most important political events of his long and fortunate reign. It will not be irrelevant if we follow the Torgot on their astounding march of death through Asia.

The Torgot were one of the four Eleut tribes. In the beginning of 1600 they had been driven from their grazing grounds round the Blue Sea or Koko-Nor by the Eastern Mongols, and in 1616 they moved to the banks of the Ural river. With their leaders and 50,000 tents, they encamped between that river and the Emba and acknowledged the suzerainty of Russia. From there they continued their wanderings to the lower reaches of the Volga. The fact that they had become Russian subjects did not hinder them from plundering Russian towns time after time. Their kinsmen stopped at Ili and were the neighbours of the Dzungars. In the year 1761, the young Ubasha, of Torgot princely blood, became Khan of the tribe.

On all sides they were surrounded by Christian and Muhammadan races, but they held fast to their own faith—Llamaism—and paid homage to the Dalai Llama in Lhasa. Envoys and presents were sent to him; people made pilgrimages to Tibet, and the earthly representative of Buddha was consulted in times of need. This faith was one of the reasons for the flight of the Torgot.

De Quincey asserts that the wandering of the Torgot tribe through the steppes has no counterpart in world history. They set out from a country which obeyed the most powerful Christian authority and went towards lands which were under the domination of the most strongly heathen autocrats. In the unity of will, and the swiftness with which their resolution was carried out, he traces a driving force reminiscent of the urge that, from time to time, sends the swallows and locusts out on such long mysterious journeys. Neither in fiction nor in history could he have found a more dramatic tapestry of events. It lacked neither individual struggles for power, the changing fate of wars, nor the cogency of religious enthusiasm. The flight of the Torgot can be placed side by side with Cambyses' Egyptian campaign, the younger Cyrus and the retreat of the 10,000, the expedition of the Romans against the Parthians, and Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. Bergmann says the whole tribe joined in a cry of alarm: "Our children shall not be serfs for ever. Let us go to the land where the sun rises!"

It is an enthralling picture which Dr. Hedin gives of Manchu ascendancy; the volume should be read by both the student of romantic history and of present-day politics in the Far East.

Manner maketh modes

Top left—this pretty frock of soft white spotted net trimmed with apple green velvet was recently shown at a dress parade, held at the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, by Madame Chanelle of Bournemouth (not to be confused with Chanel of Paris). Below—an evening dress by Worth is of shell pink velvet and shows an intricate and original décolletage

Real knowledge of fashion, good taste, and values perfectly adjusted to the times in which we live, distinguish Richard Sands, of 187a Sloane Street. The charming frock of printed silk, below, and the centre model above are characteristic of smart French models, priced from 10½ guineas

D. TODD'S

From Reboux comes the hat (left) with three loose coq feathers and a crescent roll of astrakhan across the top. Reading from top to bottom hats from Agnes, Molyneux, and a good beret from Le Monnier

PARISIANA

SECTION

Bruyere: The beret above is of dark brown felt rather ample in cut. A wide band cut from the felt is applied across the top in the form of a large loop with ends. Such hats demand, of course, an immaculate coiffure

Maguy: Three cornered beret of white felt with overlapping cut edges round the three sides giving an effect of stacked pancakes; (below) Susan Talbot with shallow crown, bowler brim and two stiff quills

Reboux: Black felt hat worn pulled forward in a peak over one eye, high at the back and well to one side with a forward slope; a large disc of black crosse covers the top. This model combines dignity with smartness

A NOVEL DRIVING TEST: Motorists' driving ability being tested at the National Institute of Industrial Psychology by means of a moving picture placed in front of a dummy car. The picture, responding to the controls, gives the illusion of driving, and the driver's behaviour in a variety of emergencies is recorded on a tape

ROUTING THE RATTLE.—I am sure that when I am dead and gone I shall be remembered as the rattle king because I seem to spend most of my days endeavouring to trace annoying squeaks aud noises in motor cars, tables, cupboards and other household goods. Seeing that I spend most of my life on Brooklands track it might be imagined that the noise of racing cars and motor cycles would deaden the detection apparatus in my ears. People must remember, however, that all racing vehicles on the track are fitted with "Brooklands" silencers which in the great majority of cases are extremely effective. At any rate if any noise is produced it is not sufficient to prevent my life being a continual worry to myself and others in endeavouring to trace extraneous noises in cars.

During the last few days when London traffic has been particularly congested and unpleasant, I have garaged my car in the suburbs and continued my journey to the West End by Underground. Once in the heart of London I have on many occasions gone about in buses, and I find that the modern London bus is a very comfortable vehicle, and even on the top deck I have not once heard a squeak or a rattle, and so I cannot see how any chassis-maker or body-builder can have any excuse for turning out a product which is going to squeak, rattle, or shake for at least twelve months from the date it leaves the works. In this year of grace, there cannot be any possible excuse except on the score of expense of a motor car making itself a nuisance in the manner to which I refer. If I pay £100 for a motor car I might expect after six months' use to find that the doors rattled slightly, but if I buy an expensive automobile I cannot see why I or any of my passengers, should have to suffer any annoyance from these unpleasant noises.

CONSIDER THE PASSENGERS.—Owners when they take delivery of a new car should do their utmost to trace any squeak that they may hear as soon as possible because a human being very soon becomes accustomed to any given noise and after a while will not hear it at all. Perhaps some car-makers rely on this fact in order to save themselves trouble, but they should remember that passengers are sometimes changed and to them unnecessary noises must be unpleasant. I doubt if there is any more difficult job than to run one of these squeaks to earth.

Quite recently I had a particularly healthy specimen which I could have sworn was due to loose tools in a locker, but in actual fact it turned out to be a worn shackle on a back spring. But the most elusive trouble of this nature is the high frequency buzz which takes place for a small part of a second whilst the engine is turning over at a certain number of r.p.m. My experience also teaches me that like toothache which usually disappears on the dentist's doorstep, one's favourite rattle or shake will refuse to manifest itself when the car is brought to the coachbuilder or manufacturer in order to have the trouble cured.

I hope I am not abnormal in worrying over these troubles, and yet sometimes I think I must be so for frequently, when I take a run in a friend's car, it is like sitting inside a beehive with various fittings giving out a distinct buzz as the engine increases its revolutions. On these occasions it would seem to me that the driver is quite oblivious to these annoyances and sits serenely in his seat fondly imagining that he is driving a car as quiet as death.

A WARNING.—Owners of open cars and those that have sporty exhausts are not likely to be worried in this direction, but at the same time the hearing of a noise is often a timely warning that all is not well, for where rattles and squeaks are manifest it denotes that there is friction, or in some cases an increase of friction between two surfaces which are either not intended to have any at all, or were not designed to carry the load which causes them to protest audibly. A door which chatters is probably too heavy for its hinges or has been strained, and in either case the resulting noise should warn the owner that unless something is done bad will become worse. Body noises are not likely to be so serious as those coming from the chassis, in fact the slightest squeak from the latter should be instantly hunted down in case it is a warning that something serious will shortly happen.

BRITISH CARS FOR GERMANY: A general view of the trade show of Austin models recently held in Berlin, to which motor retailers from all over Germany were invited. The representative range of Austin models included four Sevens and three Ten-Fours

EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA: One of the great C.P.R. liners

CRUISES to the MEDITERRANEAN and the WEST INDIES

For those of our readers who are anticipating an ideal and cheap Spring holiday in sunny climes, and to escape the trying winter period in England, the Canadian Pacific lines have prepared an attractive programme of Sunshine Cruises to the Mediterranean and the West Indies.

One runs down the coast of Spain—

A grand West Indies cruise is scheduled to take place on January 28 next. Leaving Southampton by the s.s. *Duchess of Richmond*, a modern oil-burning cruising ship of 20,000 tons, the vessel will visit Gibraltar, Trinidad, Venezuela, Curaçao, Panama, Jamaica, Cuba, Bahamas, Porto Rico, Barbados, Granada, St. Lucia, and Madeira.

The West Indies enjoy the franchise of the broad Atlantic and bask in sunshine. Few regions are more lavishly endowed with all forms of fertility, beauty, and perfection of climate, or have such an historic interest. Few afford a rarer source of relaxation, especially in that part of the year when the more northerly lands are gripped by winter.

The *Duchess of Richmond* cruise affords the ideal way to visit these beautiful islands. One proceeds direct, with no change of ship or loss of time, and then the journey from island to island, otherwise performed by local service, is continued by the same fine vessel. Packing and unpacking—the bugbears of travel—are entirely eliminated.

All the resources of modern travel—a splendid, modern ship, first-class motor-car services for the shore trips, and hotels of high standard, are embraced within the arrangements made. Most of all, and probably the most appreciated by the passengers, is the peaceful, sunshiny

—and comes to the Isle of Madeira

leisure in which the itinerary proceeds, a journey that is not a hurry-scurry rush from one sight to another, but six weeks of *dolce far niente*, with plenty of elbow room, heading out towards the setting sun and homeward by Madeira to welcome in the Spring.

The cruise establishes immediate contact with a region whose records are interwoven with the threads of high romance—the deathless story of the Spanish Main. Long before the discovery of Canada or the Declaration of Independence, the kingdoms of Europe found in the waters of Hispaniola a tourney-ground and a school of navigation for their captains by land and sea. Those intrepid navigators, Magellan and Columbus, opened up these western seas for a long succession of explorers and pioneers.

A number of 1st-class Spring cruises to the Sunny Mediterranean have also been arranged by the company. The trips on the various vessels will take ten, thirteen, and fourteen days. Leaving Liverpool or Southampton, the vessels will visit the following interesting places *en route*:—

Gibraltar.—A mixture of Spaniards,

—pauses in the shadow of The Rock—

Maltese, and Orientals, have built up its quaint population, whilst British genius created its naval harbour and placed a lovely garden, one of the finest south of the Pyrenees, where the Alameda creeps seawards.

Barcelona.—The most important sea-port and city in the whole of Spain. Splendid bathing facilities await the visitor.

Monaco. — The tiny gambling State.

Naples.—The city of gaiety—life lived in the open for everyone to see and enjoy—a life of dancing, dining, sleeping, praying, loving, unconscious of audience or spectators. There is also Pompeii.

Algiers—with its dazzling white terraces of houses—the Paris of Africa once the home of notorious pirates. There is a fine Casino for idle moments of the day.

Casablanca.—A day will be spent in Casablanca, where places of interest in the new and the Moorish towns can be visited. A special feature of the visit is an interesting trip to Rabat.

Lisbon.—Romans, Moors, and Crusaders all had a hand in the building of this capital of Portugal, which, after many vicissitudes, is to-day one of the most beautiful cities of the world.

F. G. B.

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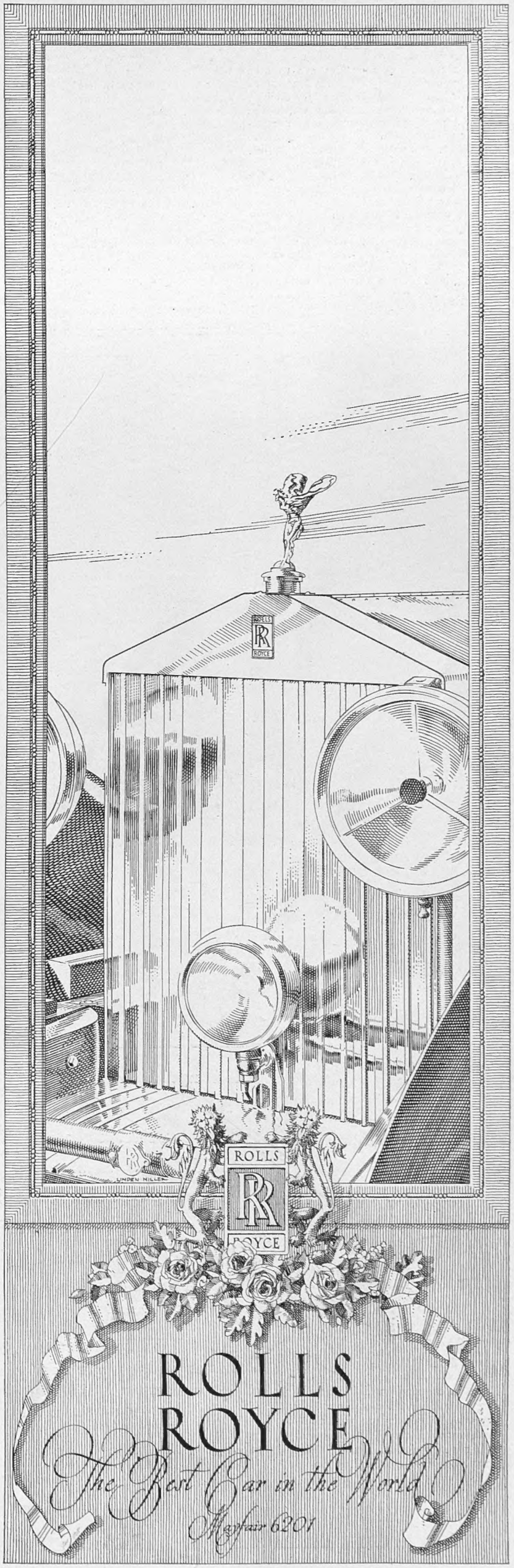

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NOTES and NEWS

INTERNATIONAL UNIVERSITY GAMES

Students of many countries are to take part in the Winter Sports Meeting of the Third International University Games, which will be held at Bardonecchia, in the Italian Alps (close to the Mt. Cenis frontier), from January 29 to February 5. The programme is to include ski-ing, jumping, slalem, speed, and figure skating, ice hockey, and bob-sleighing. University students (or past students who have gone down within the past two years) may compete provided they are amateurs and are under twenty-six years of age. Entries should be made immediately. Competitors and friends will be accommodated at the best hotels at 6s. per day. Bobsleigh and hockey teams will be the guests of the Gruppi Universitari Fascisti. There will be a reduction of 70 per cent. in the prices of railway tickets for any journey in Italy. Further particulars may be obtained from Major W. Stormont, E.N.I.T., 16, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

Hardly a month goes by but the papers tell us of some new claims to the discovery of the elixir of life. Formerly it was rhinoceros horn, and now it is radium which bestows eternal youth. If the optimistic necromancers had taken the trouble to learn Gaelic they would find their efforts had been forestalled thousands of years ago. "Uisge-beatha" is water of life—more commonly "usquebaugh"—*anglice*, whisky! This was revealed in a speech made by Mr. Alec Gordon from Speyside, a member of a very old distilling family, at a Scottish luncheon given by the Scottish Malt Distilleries Limited. Mr. Gordon told his listeners how common it is to find in many distillers three generations of vigorous workers of one family working simultaneously, all brought up in the atmosphere of whisky. That atmosphere—those delicate aromas—are due to what are technically called ethers, and they originate in the peat, heather, and mosses of the Highlands. "Though ethers are not peculiar to whisky," said Mr. Gordon, "whisky possesses ethers of its own. The medicinal quality of whisky is said to be due to these ethers, as is also its bouquet."

THE GENIUS OF PATRIOTISM: Lady Houston, whose outspoken political courage and sturdy nationalism have become world-famous, has just returned to London, but is confined to her bed and unable to see visitors. She has been seriously ill in Scotland. None the less, she is keeping in close daily touch with the preparations for the forthcoming Houston - Mount Everest Flight, the members of which expect to leave this country in January for their aerial assault on the world's highest mountain. They will have to fly more than 5½ miles high, wear electrically-heated suits, and breathe pure oxygen through masks reminiscent of war-time

THE UNION-CASTLE STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LIMITED

The thirty-ninth annual edition (for 1933) of the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company's *South and East African Year Book and Guide* has just been published. The sixty-four pages of maps in colour constitute the finest atlas of South and East Africa available, and plans of all the larger towns and of the harbours touched at by the company's ships are included in the text.

The price of the book is 2s. 6d. (3s. 3d. post free), and it is invaluable in assisting in the development of South and East Africa by providing the merchant, traveller, and prospective settler with detailed and reliable information concerning these countries.

For the business man as a gazetteer for office use the guide is without a rival; the index contains over 2,400 place names. Imports and exports, means of transport, and the rapid growth in manufacture are dealt with in considerable detail. For the immigrant or settler concise information is given on immigration, acquisition of land, land laws, agriculture, the mining industry, etc., etc. For the sportsman the book gives the latest information obtainable on the habitats of game, the means of reaching the best hunting fields, etc., etc.

ERRATUM

In last week's issue of THE SPHERE, the price of *Debrett* was erroneously stated to be £3 5s. instead of £3 15s. In publishing this correction we present our apologies for our inadvertent inaccuracy.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

David Wellard, one of the old *Arethusa* boys, who is now serving in H.M.S. *Nelson* of the Home Fleet, was last spring chosen for his smartness, ability, and perfectly good behaviour for service in H.M. The King's Yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, and he served in her throughout her summer commission last year, with His Majesty on board. This is the kind of boy that the *Arethusa* Training Ship is sending to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. Please send a gift to help in carrying on this splendid work of training poor boys for the two Sea Services. Gifts should be sent to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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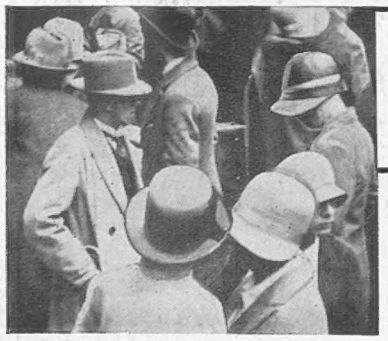

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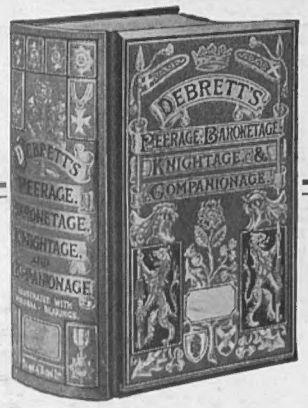

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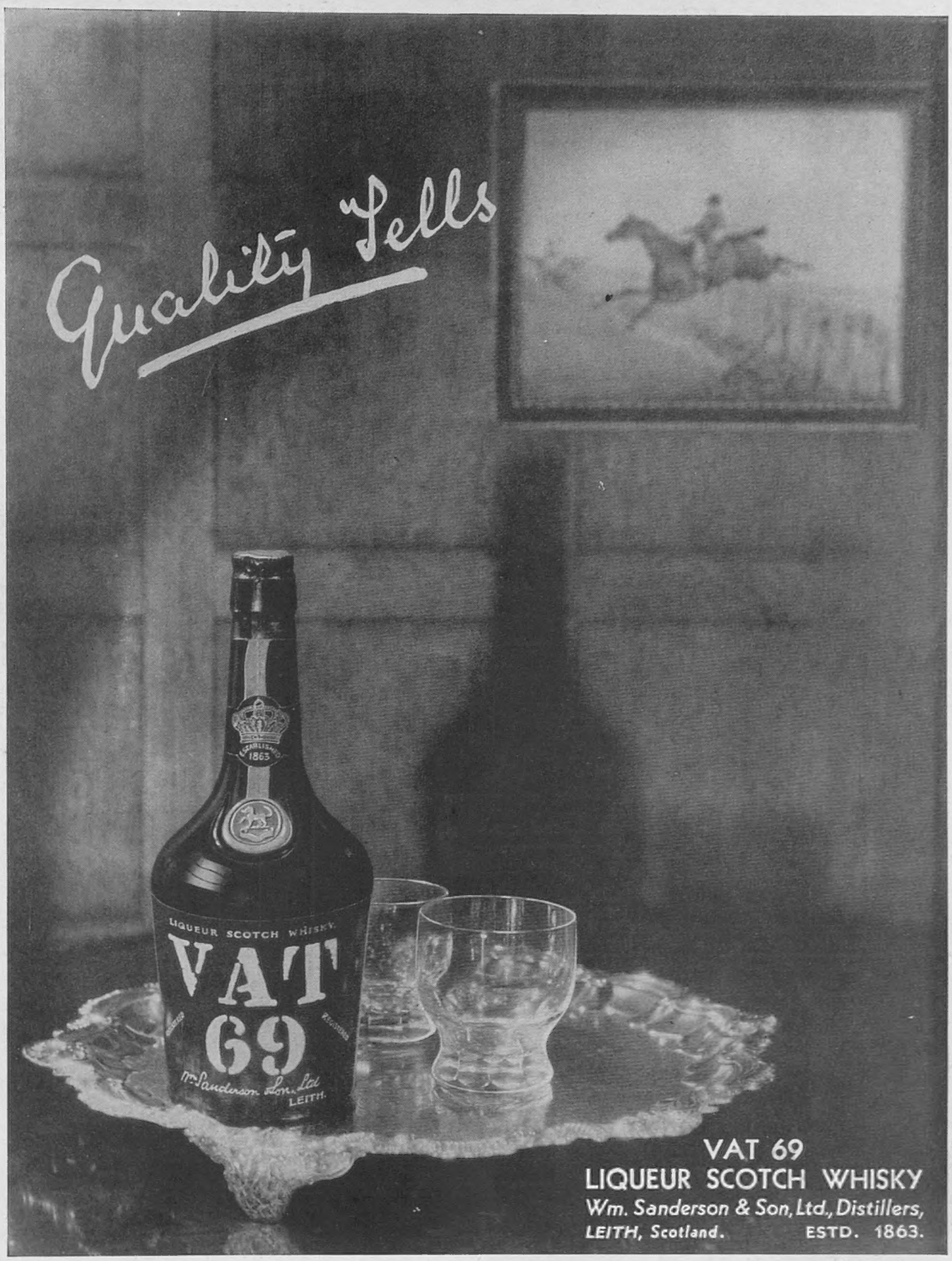

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"SIR, YOU ARE SAD": Little Buttercup (Miss Dorothy Gill) perceives the disturbed state of the Captain's mind; Captain Corcoran (Mr. Leslie Rands) on left.

"JOSEPHINE, I AM A BRITISH SAILOR AND I LOVE YOU": Josephine (Miss Muriel Dickson) distractedly repels the advances of Ralph (Mr. Charles Goulding).

"OH, STAY THY HAND! I LOVE YOU!" Josephine (Miss Muriel Dickson) reveals her love for Ralph (Mr. Charles Goulding). On right is the boatswain (Mr. Richard Walker).

"I WILL HEAR OF NO DEFENCE": Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. (Sir Henry Lytton), approves Capt. Corcoran for swearing.

THIS VERY NIGHT WITH BATED BREATH AS STILL AS DEATH

Josephine, the Captain's daughter (Miss Muriel Dickson), is plotting with Hebe (Miss Marjorie Eyre), Sir Joseph's first cousin, to steal away from H.M.S. Pinafore with Ralph.

A Specimen of the Pictures in the Record (quarter size).

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, *January 7*, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.